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COUNTRY LIFE

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Poetic licence is all very well, but you would be ill-advised to emulate the archer who shot his arrow into the air without, so far as we can find, taking any interest in its subsequent career. Such carefree abandon would have won for you no praise at Agincourt or Crecy; neither—coming nearer home—would it commend you to any modern company of archers, of which there exist many more than you think. For archery is an ancient and an honourable sport—and one, moreover, that has added something to the language. *Exempli Gratia*: The Midland Bank is as 'straight as an arrow'; its resources are such that its 'bolt' is never 'spent'; and in the service it offers, it has 'many strings to its bow' This exercise in toxophilic metaphor (no doubt as tiring to read as it was to write) practically exhausts our knowledge of the subject. Our customers will agree, however, that at least we have not been guilty in it of 'pulling the long bow'.

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Bassano

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STONEHENGE

THE ethics of restoration are involved at the "highest level" by the decision, courageous or rash, of the Ministry of Works' Ancient Monuments Board to reinstate one of the trilithons and three of the stones in the Outer Circle of Stonehenge, which fell respectively in 1797 and 1900. To some antiquaries it is "faking" to move any part of an ancient monument, whatever the cause of its existing condition, because, as one has expressed it, any reconstruction destroys a link with the elemental past. To others, including the Ministry's archaeological officers and probably the majority of thoughtful individuals, to replace stones that have fallen by accident in recent and comparatively recent times is a measure of conservation, particularly since carvings on the stones of the utmost archaeological value will thereby be better preserved, and possibly more be discovered on the concealed under-surfaces of the stones. But in this, which may be regarded as the "enlightened conservative" view, it would be "falsifying the monument as a vestige of antiquity" to re-erect another of the fallen trilithons which recent excavators now believe were deliberately overthrown by the Romans in the early years of our era, as part of their deliberate policy of native suppression. Thus the "ruin" itself is historic, and to re-erect all the fallen stones would be to give Stonehenge, in Sir Mortimer Wheeler's phrase, "the trimness of a folly."

Yet would it? In the case of this particular trilithon it would, if the premise is sound, destroy evidence of an historic act that is no less impressive than the monument. But, to quote a comparable instance, is the historic significance of the Parthenon more diminished than its architecture is enhanced by the recent re-erection of the columns overthrown by an explosion in the 17th century? Here again there are those who feel that it is. The question is the one that arises, in varying form, in every case of repairing and maintaining historic monuments: how much of their value lies in the respective categories of their pictorial appearance, romantic associations, archaeological significance, and original architectural character? And the answer given by each generation tends to be different. Had Inigo Jones undertaken, as well as writing about, restoring Stonehenge, he would have transformed it, with the universal approval of Renaissance opinion, into a Roman temple. Similarly, had Victorian ideals animated Charles II, we may suppose that Wren would have been ordered to reconstruct Old St. Paul's in what he conceived to be Gothic, as the

Camden Society prescribed "Early Pointed" for the restoration of all churches whatever their original character. In justified reaction William Morris and the "anti-scrape" movement, with Integrity as their watchword, abominated restoration of any kind that did not proclaim itself to be restoration, if necessary by using contrasting materials regardless of a building's architectural unity. To-day the accelerated destruction of so much of the past, and the growing popular interest in the life rather than the archaeology of antiquity, seems to encourage, and possibly to justify, a more liberal interpretation of "reconstruction" than was held to be honest thirty years ago.

There is, then, a cogent if debatable argument in favour of a greater degree of replacement than some authorities accept. A number of ruined castles have now been reconstructed and inhabited, who shall say to their detriment? And the same treatment is advocated in some quarters for ruined abbeys. At that point, however, romanticism and the ethics of restoration join hands, rightly in our view, to call

RETURN TO DONEGAL

I AM back again,
For good, this time, I pray,
At that square house
Beside an emerald bay.
Many a tide has raced
Along that sun-warmed strand,
While I lived, an exile,
In a far-off land.

I am quite content
Now with life's ebb begun,
To stay upon this shore,
And face the westering sun,
Where tired waves come to rest
With a soft-drawn sleepy sigh.
Here do I hope to rest,
And here to die.

G.

a halt, invoking the precept that to introduce forms and materials for which no archaeological evidence remains constitutes unwarrantable fabrication and destroys the picturesque. It is undoubtedly wise that any restoration of Stonehenge, which in our own time has changed from the sublime solitude of *Tess* to a popular archaeological sight, should be most scrupulously watched; but not that the accidents and decays of time should be considered sacrosanct.

HOMELESS CATS AND DOGS

IN spite of occasional allusions by judges and advocates to evidence which is insufficient to "hang a dog," and even recently "to hang a cat," British people continue to regard themselves as a nation of lovers of animals who recoil with righteous indignation from any instance of cruelty towards their fellow-tenants of the earth. In so far as this reputation is deserved, much credit is due to more than a century's fine work by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Of that we are reminded by the issue this week of a report by the Society on Britain's population of stray cats and dogs. It hardly flatters our self-esteem to be told, after a painstaking survey, that of our 5½ million cats more than a million are strays, most of them living in a wild state, of which about 250,000 are destroyed annually. This report being the first of its kind, no pre-war figures are available to make comparison possible, but it is more than likely that this high figure is due, in part, to the disturbance of domestic life in the war years. Then, the evacuation of target areas and the bombing of homes caused thousands of cats to be parted from their owners and left to forage and to breed among ruins, where they established colonies. Dogs, too, suffered by the war, but by their nature dogs find new homes and friends more easily. Even so, the fact that, of Britain's 3½ million dogs, half a million are strays will disturb everyone who has known a dog's loyalty. The homeless dog makes a particularly strong appeal and thus only 100,000 dogs are destroyed each year as compared with 250,000 cats. In the face of these facts each cat and dog with a "good home" might be accounted fortunate.

But even within the so-called good home, cruelty is possible. Inability to realise that the seeming affection of these animals is largely cupboard love leads too often to much over-feeding and a condition even more pathetic than that of some of the strays who, in hunting their food, get the adequate exercise denied to the spoiled dog.

TIME TO CONSIDER

TO set against its many unfortunate effects, the Town and Country Planning Act of 1947 is beginning to yield a modest dividend of positive good in measures to protect buildings of special architectural or historic interest. As required by the Act, the Minister of Housing and Local Government is now giving official approval to lists of such buildings, prepared by investigators from his department who select the appropriate buildings by reference to principles laid down by an Advisory Committee of experts under the chairmanship of Sir William Holford. Probably the most impressive list we shall see has just been issued by the Ministry; it covers the City of Westminster and specifies 1,000 buildings. While no one would argue that legislation was necessary to protect, from demolition or ill-considered alteration, such buildings as Buckingham Palace and Westminster Abbey (both of which are in the list, along with the Houses of Parliament and the Whitehall Cenotaph), there is certainly a gain in having hundreds of less notable but highly interesting properties protected against impulsive destruction or incongruous change. The listing now in progress does not prohibit change. It requires the owner or occupier to give two months' notice of demolition or of change which would alter the character of the building seriously. It is part of the process of listing for the Ministry to inform both owners and occupiers that their premises have been listed, and what listing implies. Among recipients of the list is the Land Registry, where it is made available for reference when titles are being examined. Inevitably, there will be occasions when a building of special architectural or historic interest will be doomed, but listing ensures that it cannot be demolished suddenly, overnight.

BACON PIGS

FARMERS are feeling sore because the bacon market has been depressed by extra shipments from Denmark as well as increased home production. Those who concentrate on breeding and feeding the type of pig that the curers prefer have had to take a lower return than those who are content to send fat pigs into the markets for the pork trade. Bacon pig production is a specialised business, accounting for one-third of the pig trade, and if we are progressively to match the quality and economy of Danish pig production a steady market is needed. Remembering that taxpayers found £38,900,000 in pig subsidy last year it ought surely to be possible so to arrange matters that the specialist bacon pig producers enjoy the stability which the subsidy is intended to provide. As things are, the subsidy is applied indiscriminately to pork pigs and bacon pigs, and if the demand for pork is strong the bacon pig producers suffer. The Minister of Agriculture argues for flexibility between the two outlets and that price disparities will quickly disappear as farmers switch from one market to the other. But there is a grave risk here for the long term development of our bacon industry. If the bacon factories go short of pigs for any time they will lose their market for English bacon to the Danes and others. The right answer is probably long-term contracts between bacon pig producers and the curers, backed by a due measure of Government subsidy. This would, it seems, benefit not only farmers but consumers and taxpayers.

In an editorial note in our issue of February 20 we referred to a rumour that dampness was penetrating the reception rooms of Brympton D'Evercy, a country house of distinction near Yeovil. We are assured by the owner, and we gladly repeat the assurance, that this rumour is unfounded and that the house is in no danger of disintegration.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By IAN NIALL

AS I write my hand is particularly stiff from the unusual exertion of using a crosscut saw. We have just been cutting down three trees to produce enough timber for seven poles roughly 10 ft. long. This was not done without perspiration, much puffing and panting, and some hard words about crosscut saws which, I must admit, are excellent implements in the right hands. The trouble is that when one goes at a job with enthusiasm the initial effort is invariably exhausting, and in the case of sawing the trunk of a tree enthusiasm declines rapidly as the saw begins to bind. We had certain other incidental irritations. At first we cleared only a couple of feet of undergrowth on the slope at the bottom of the trees, ignoring the gorse and rose thorns at longer range, or at what might be called the operative diameter. We found that as we got into the rhythm of sawing there was always a goad in the shape of a gorse branch or a stout limb of blackberry. I had to stop on several occasions to clear the field to the rear, and I am sure I carry several thorns at this moment.

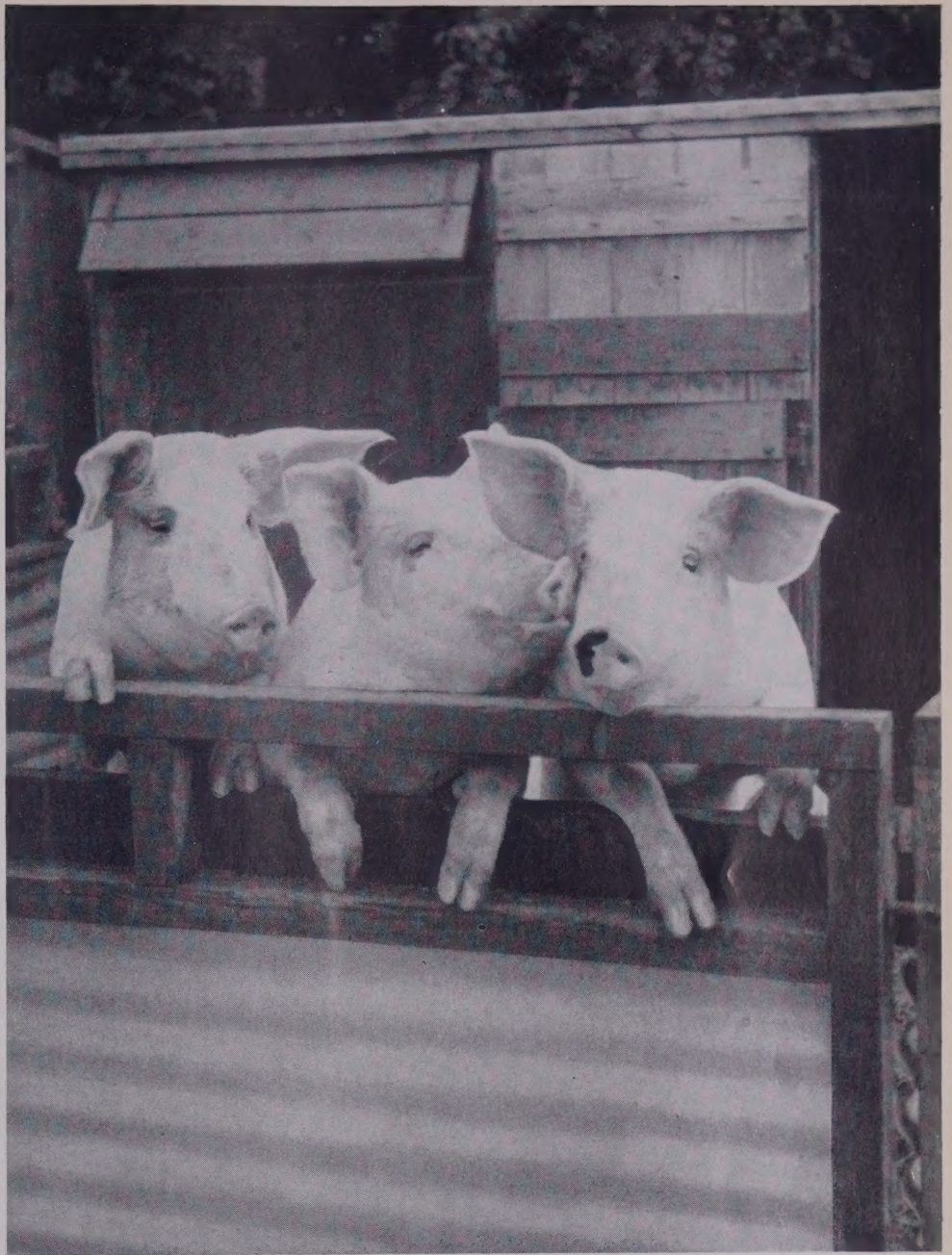
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THE problem of bringing the trees down was simplified after I had attempted a sort of tossing-the-caber act with the first one, which jumped off its base and was held upright by the surrounding pines. A rope and tackle was used to give the other trees a list, and they fell in due course without maiming either of the sawyers. The trunks were dressed with a hedging knife and cut into lengths to suit our purpose. I was reminded of some Canadian lumbermen whose acquaintance I made long ago in Scotland. How they would have laughed at our tree-felling efforts! I used to watch them bring down tall pines with a few blows of an axe. Every cut was at a particular angle, and there was nothing haphazard about it. I suppose they could have brought down our three pines in less than five minutes. One, I recall, had his axe so keen that he was actually able to shave with it. I suppose he either had an extraordinarily fine axe or a particularly coarse beard.

I am inclined to sadness when I think of cutting down a tree. One cannot replace it. Fortunately we were able to satisfy our consciences about cutting these particular trees. Each was a rather crowded specimen with growth only at the top.

* * *

TALKING about trees reminds me that I once thought that it would be interesting to "dwarf" some—a particular form of tree culture at which the Japanese excel, I believe. I potted up some acorns and later tried the same thing with fir seedlings, thinking that I might end with a miniature forest both deciduous and coniferous in character. The oaks were not hard to start from acorns and I potted them up at the end of the first year, thinking that by reducing the pot size I should cramp the roots and quickly see a dwarfing of the tree. The first didn't take to this at all. They lost their leaves. The oaks proved able to suffer the change, but although they toughened in appearance, they still had standard-sized leaves. I watched them year after year, and then a cat set about knocking the pots over when I wasn't there to repair the damage, and my little oaks died. They never showed the slightest sign of turning into scaled-down oak trees, and I have often wondered since whether or not it takes four generations to get a dwarf oak. Perhaps the thing should be done under glass and the seedlings given some special treatment. I have never come across anyone who has grown dwarf trees, and have seen only pictures of them, but they are fascinating.



"DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD TELL HER?"

Monica Craig

WE have been having some entertainment produced by three blackbirds disputing over territory, as most of their kind are doing at this time of year. The three were a cock and a hen and a rival cock, unattached. I don't think these fights ever have fatal consequences, but they have all the appearances of a fierce battle. Last year a similar battle between two cock pheasants was watched from the path below the cliff, but here we have nothing quite so unusual as battling cock pheasants, and the blackbirds have to make up for it by fury and rough and tumble. On one little patch of grass the two cock birds whirled and tumbled for fully five minutes, losing quite a few feathers and seeming dazed when the bout was over. The hen took

no part, but gave encouragement to her chosen mate, particularly when he was getting his second wind. The unattached cock was an obstinate fellow. Even when he was forced from the grass and over a narrow flower bed, to tumble 4 ft. to the yard, he still had fight in him.

I was on his side. He deserved to win; for he shook himself, and set his head with his beak held straight and his neck stretched out as he rushed madly at the other cock, knocking him down. They whirled again. It seemed that one had a lethal grip, but at length they fell apart.

* * *

THE audience behind the window shouted at the unattached cock to get in and win, but this time he didn't seem to have the same energy. The hen said something to her husband, who gathered himself and was on the point of rushing in when his rival suddenly took flight. We were very disappointed in him. The following day I noticed two pairs of blackbirds on the same little battleground. They fought the same furious fight and I had a feeling that the victors were newcomers. I wonder how much energy these aggressive birds put into these territorial wars, and how often the first-comers or the residents hold their own. Luckily the onslaughts stop short of murder, or half the blackbirds that survive the winter might perish on the field of honour.

SPRING GARDENS NUMBER

Next week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE will be the Spring Gardens Number, and will contain articles on Making the Most of Architectural Features in Garden Planning, by Lanning Roper, a Sign of Danger in Trees, by A. D. C. Le Sueur, and on Gardening on Chalk, by A. J. Huxley. There will also be articles on Spring Foliage in a Mixed Border, by Christopher Lloyd, and on the King Edward VII Apple, by Professor Herbert Miles.

RARE FLOWERS IN AN AFRICAN RESERVE

Written and Illustrated by DUDLEY D'EWES

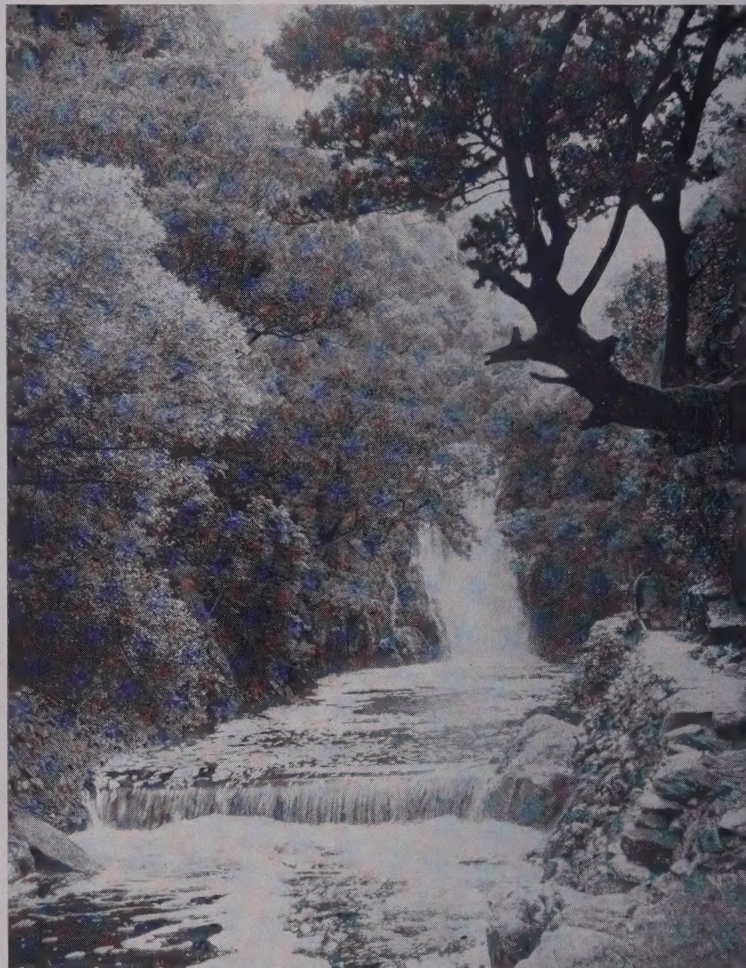
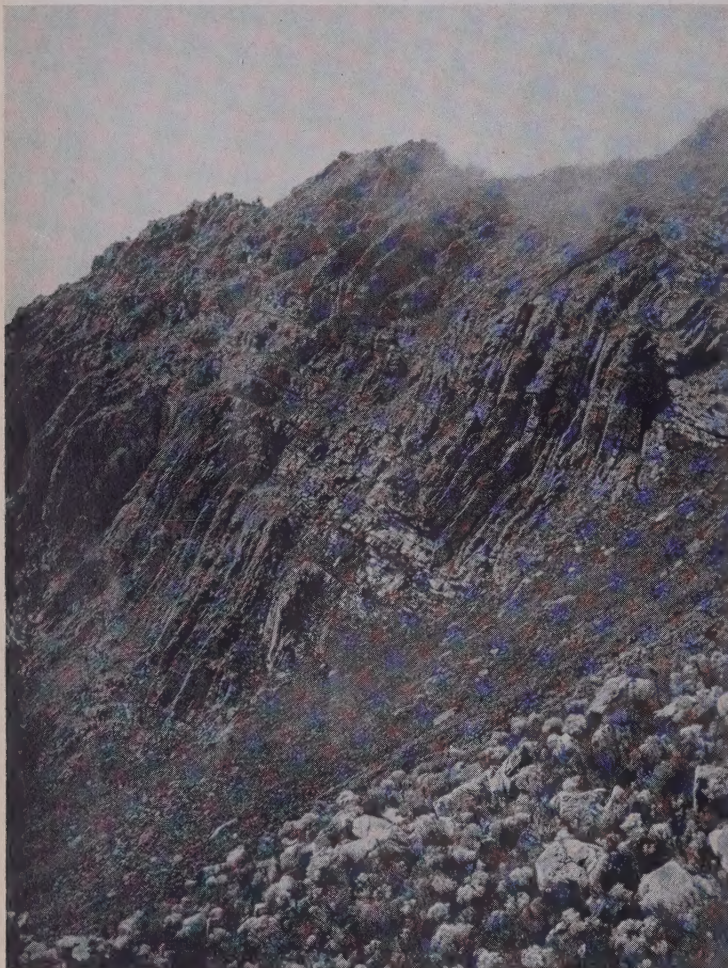
ONLY a most compelling reason could induce a private organisation to reverse rôles and to offer a subsidy to the government of its country, instead of soliciting one. The Cape Tercentenary Foundation had such a compelling motive in going to the South African Minister of Forestry in 1952 and offering £2,000 towards the expenses of protecting one of the few remaining strongholds of the Cape flora from fire, weed encroachment and vandalism.

This stronghold, known loosely as the Kogelberg Reserve, comprises some 37,000 acres of crown land in the broad wedge of mountainous country that forms the eastern boundary of False Bay. In rough outline, it is all the high

herbs that nobody but a botanist would more than glance at, they also include some of the most beautiful flowering plants on earth.

It is the headquarters, for example, of the protea family, which includes such spectacular flowers as the king protea (*P. cynaroides*), the sugar bush (*P. mellifera*) and a host of others, as well as the related genera of *Leucospermum* and *Leucadendron*. Another family is that of the *Iridaceae*, which includes many small but colourful irises, and, most spectacular and most loved, the Cape gladioli, commonly called painted ladies, to which horticultural hybridists have gone for the breeding of the smaller and more delicate garden hybrids. The Amaryllis

and the minor streams have incised deep valleys, often V-shaped. The whole area is therefore exceedingly rugged. Within a few hundred yards there are wide variations in aspect and drainage as well as of elevation, so that there are innumerable variations in micro-climate, and this naturally favours a wide diversity of species. Like the Cape Peninsula the Kogelberg area has a predominantly winter rainfall of about 36 ins., but the Kogelberg is on the border of the south-western coastal belt, which enjoys a round-the-year rainfall, and can consequently carry species that would find survival difficult in the slightly drier summers in the Cape Peninsula, thirty miles to the west.



SCENES IN THE KOGELBERG RESERVE IN THE CAPE PROVINCE, WHICH CONTAINS A GREAT NUMBER OF RARE AND BEAUTIFUL PLANTS. (Left) In the foreground is the rough ground that is typical of the Reserve; behind are intensely folded strata of Table Mountain sandstone, with mist brought by a south-east wind. (Right) The waterfall in the gorge at Betty's Bay, just outside the Reserve

land in the area, with the exception of the western strip, which, forming the catchment of the Steenbras Dam, is under the control of the municipality of Cape Town.

The main value of this area to the Cape Tercentenary Foundation, the aims of which are to maintain the cultural heritage of the Cape through, among other things, the protection of its natural beauties and its characteristic flora and fauna, is that it contains one of the finest examples of the Cape flora. That flora is one of the botanical wonders of the world. In *The Flora of the Cape Peninsula*, by Adamson and Salter, there are listed 2,622 species of plants, divided into 702 genera. The area of the Cape Peninsula is about 182 square miles—about one-sixth greater than the Isle of Wight. Yet it contains nearly 600 more known plant species than the 2,047 species listed for the whole of the United Kingdom in the 1908 edition of *The London Catalogue of British Plants*. And although these 2,622 species include many rushes, sedges and insignificant grasses and

family is also well represented, notably by *A. belladonna* and the goblets, sometimes blood-red, of the *Haemanthus* species. It is the habitat also, to mention but one more family, of many beautiful ground orchids.

The Kogelberg area for which the Foundation sought protection is a little less than one third the area of the Cape Peninsula. It has not been as thoroughly explored botanically and zoologically, but few botanists doubt that it contains as many species as the larger area of the Cape Peninsula. It looks compact on the map, but on the ground it exhibits a wide variety of terrain, varying in elevation from sea level to the 4,165 feet at the summit of Kogelberg. The soils are mostly poor, heavily leached and sour, being derived from sandstones of the Table Mountain series. But there are pockets of better soil derived from shales of the underlying Malmesbury series, the rock strata of the whole area are intensely folded, and the Table Mountain sandstone weathers into grotesque cragginess. The Palmiet and Rooi Els rivers

Any plant which is at home in the Cape Peninsula would find some niche for establishment and survival in the Kogelberg area, although there are notable absentees, which include the silver-leaf tree, *Leucadendron argenteum*. But more important are the plants at home there that do not occur in the Cape Peninsula. The most important and most beautiful of these is the marsh rose (*Orothamnus zeyheri*), which some people believe the most beautiful member of the protea family.

The presence and vulnerability of this species in the area was one of the most powerful reasons that prompted the Cape Tercentenary Foundation to press for adequate protection and that induced the Minister of Forestry to agree to a special protective development plan. The vulnerability of the marsh rose is a result of its growth habit and its physiology. It grows long-legged, with the flower, conspicuous because surrounded by bright red bracts, at the very tip. After the flowering the next season's growth starts from buds at the base of the

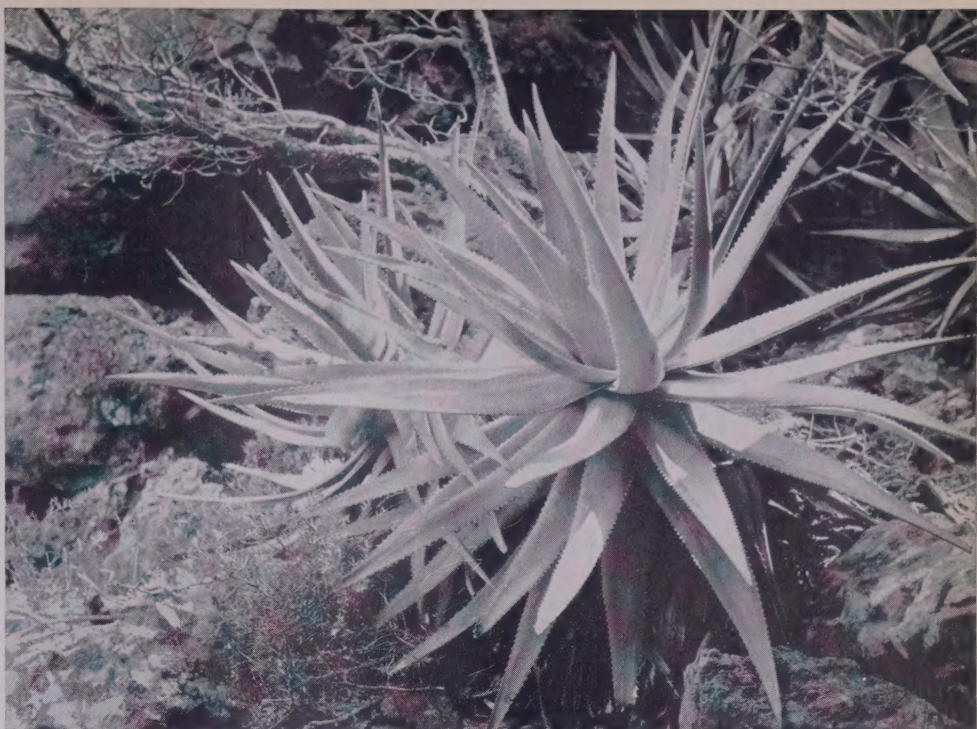
flowering head. Unlike many other members of the protea family it has no dormant buds lower down and at the base of the stem. If a marsh rose is picked, that plant will never bloom again and will soon die.

If it is scorched off in a fire it will not, like *Protea cynaroides* and many others, regenerate from the roots. The species can survive in any area therefore only if, after a colony has been scorched off by fire, the seed that survives in the ground has time to germinate and the new plants have time to flower and set seed before the next fire. The few occurrences of the marsh rose in the Kogelberg area are, unfortunately, well known to black-market flower-sellers, and township development on the southern and south-eastern borders has increased the danger both of fire and of weed infestation—for, surprising as it may seem, the biggest single threat to the Cape flora is neither fire nor flower pickers, but weed encroachment.

The main weeds are the cluster pine *Pinus maritima* (pinaster), *Hakea acicularis* and several species of acacia. The cluster pine is an aggressively growing tree with a winged seed that is carried literally for miles by the summer south-east gales; and the thriftiness that has enabled it to colonise and hold the sand in the French Landes enables it to thrive even in the poor soils of the Cape mountains. The hakea (ironically enough a member of the protea family) was introduced from Australia by some ill-advised person as a quick-growing source of firewood. Since its leaves are rigid needles with sharp points, and since the slightest scratch from them goes on smarting for hours, woodcutters will go miles out of their way not to cut hakea, which also has a winged seed, and which establishes itself happily in the local vegetation. The wattles (acacia species) were originally used to stabilise shifting sand-dunes all along the Cape coast. They are now busy spreading wherever they are allowed to. All these exotic trees have already covered many square miles of uncultivated country and where they have done so have destroyed the Cape flora as effectively as if the area had been asphalted. For the pines, hakeas and wattles form close-growing communities with a closed canopy against which the local vegetation cannot compete.

So far the Kogelberg area is not seriously infested. But the threat is growing.

All these points have been taken into consideration in drawing up the development plan for the area. On the landward side a stock-proof fence has been erected to prevent unauthorised grazing, which would mean recurrent uncontrolled fires; for, as in the Highlands of Scotland, it is only the young growth that is palatable to stock. Jeep tracks have been made to give easy access by Forest Department staff for fire control, patrolling and the like. Wide fire-belts have been laid out to form fixed defences



ALOEES GROWING IN A CRANNY OF A CLIFF ABOVE THE ROOI ELS RIVER. Such plants are decorative even when not in bloom

against fire, especially on the extremely vulnerable southern side. Small plantations of eucalyptus trees (another Australian, but not so aggressively spreading as the wattles) are being established to give an excuse for having gangs of men in the area in summer to fight possible outbreaks of fire. The £2,000 offered as a subsidy to the State by the Cape Tercentenary Foundation is earmarked for the erection of foreman's quarters at a strategic point.

Some nature-lovers have been appalled to learn that the fire-belts are nearly 200 yards wide, and stretch for miles up and down the steep slopes of this area, as in many other areas of the Cape mountains. In fact, the present official system of fire-belt planning is the result of very careful study of the effect of fire on the Cape flora. A surprising result of that study is that local botanists now maintain that fire has for at least centuries, and probably many millennia, been so constant a factor in the ecology of the flora, especially of the low scrub of the dunes and mountain slopes, that the flora may almost be said to be fire-created.

But, as was said earlier when discussing the marsh rose, fires must not follow one

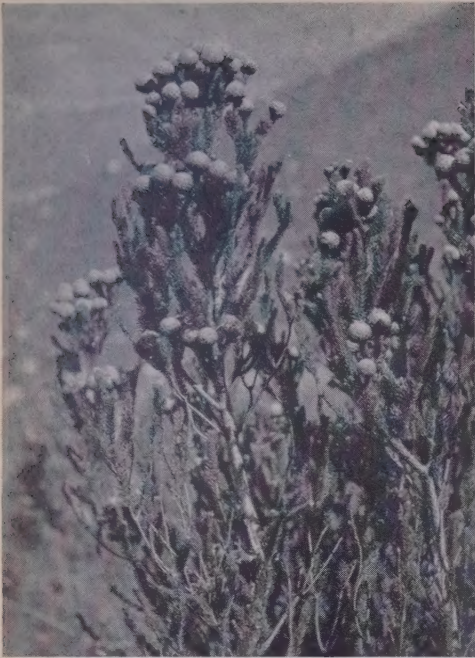
another at such close intervals that slow-growing perennials have no time to regenerate from seed and to shed fresh seed themselves before the next fire. On the other hand, it is considered a mistake for fires to be too far apart, for if the dry litter on the surface of the soil is too thick the fire may be hot enough to kill seeds in the top layer of the soil, and thus either prevent or substantially retard regeneration of the shrubby species which are among the most conspicuous members of the flora.

Veld fires are always followed also by a prodigious flowering of the plants with underground storage organs, and the spring and summer following fires in this area are notable for spectacular shows of watsonias, red-hot poker, belladonnas, haemanthus, brunsvigias and many others, which then have an opportunity to set vast quantities of seed.

But it would hardly do to allow oneself to become so impressed by the positive effects of fire as to allow the area to be swept periodically by uncontrolled fires. One such fire broke out in a high wind on the southern border in 1945, when the veld was tinder-dry after a succession



BELLADONNA LILIES BLOOMING PROLIFICALLY AFTER A FIRE. Such plants always flower well after the competing herbaceous vegetation has been singed off. (Right) Giant protea (*P. cynaroides*) over 8½ ins. in diameter



BRUNIA NODIFLORA STANDING UP ABOVE THE SURROUNDING SCRUB. (Middle) ONE OF THE MANY SORTS OF DAISY FOUND IN THE RESERVE, *OSMITOPSIS ASTERISCOIDES*. (Right) WHITE VARIETY OF PRINCE OF WALES HEATH, WHICH GROWS IN SWAMPS AND BESIDE STREAMS

of strong south-east gales, and this conflagration, burning for four or five days, singed off more than 30,000 acres of veld.

The botanical loss is fairly soon replaced by nature; the zoological loss takes longer. The direct destruction of life in such a wide-spreading fire is appalling, for even fast-moving creatures like antelopes have little chance of escape; and the tortoises, snakes, lizards, small birds, insects and so on are destroyed by the million. Many of the smaller mammals escape immediate death in underground burrows or in crannies between rocks—only to die a more lingering death of starvation in a fire-created desert; or if they survive, to have their breeding cycles disrupted. The baboons, hyraxes, small rodents, birds and so on have regenerated themselves since the 1945 fire, but the antelope have been slower, and the Wild Life Protection Society of South Africa is considering the introduction into the area of breeding pairs of

antelope known to have been there before. Consideration for the living creatures, above all else, demands that fires be kept strictly under control, and fire-belts are essential for that control. The 200-yard width of these belts is divided into roughly three zones, which are burnt off in turn at unequal intervals depending on type of vegetation, climatic cycles and other variable factors. The object is always to have a belt about 60 yards wide at least in which the vegetation is too young to burn. Small accidental fires burn themselves out against the sides of such zones, and against bigger fires the Forest Department beaters can in certain circumstances create emergency defences by back-firing from the fire-belts.

Although some die-hard nature-lovers have no good words for fire-belts, many a layman has found them invaluable as a convenient route into the heart of the mountains. For the Cape scrub is sometimes tiresome to push through,

combining twigginess with prickliness in exasperating proportions; and sometimes the going underfoot is exceedingly rough, especially on the steep slopes that predominate in areas like the Kogelberg Reserve. There, as the saying goes, you have to walk more than half the time with one leg longer than the other. The patriotic South African botanist blesses while he curses this hard going, for it is an effective defence against the thoughtless but highly destructive attentions of Sunday afternoon strollers, like those who annually pick the blue-bells in Britain.

The layman—even the well-informed layman—regards the flora from a slightly different point of view from that of the botanist, who is capable of excitement over, for example, a species of *Brachysiphon* which grows only in the crevices in the north-west aspect of boulders of Table Mountain sandstone. The layman, having glanced without enthusiasm at this insignificant plant, is more apt to linger in the saddles of the hills where *Erica fastigiata* may dominate the dark-green scrub with its bright pink flowers; or by the stream-banks deep in the hills, amid the glistening translucency of the white variety of *Erica perspicua* (Prince of Wales heath); or in the crannies of the cliffs, where xerophytic plants like the aloes are decorative even when not in bloom; or even on the open slopes where *Protea cynaroides* is found in the rare ivory variety, *Brunia nodiflora* stands out in tall shapeliness above the surrounding scrub, and the hosts of the daisy tribe fill their appointed place in the grand design. And, if he is still in the mountains towards evening, he allows himself a quite unscientific ripple of horror at topping a slope and finding rough spines of rock jutting into the growing darkness like some monstrous creatures awaiting their prey, or like menhirs erected for strange rituals.

In fact there are few dangers in the area: a few poisonous snakes (seldom seen) and a steadily decreasing number of leopards which prey on baboons and have not, in living memory, offered more than a snarl in threat to human beings.

Access is by permit only. But responsible visitors, especially if they have botanical, ornithological or zoological interests, will have little difficulty in obtaining permits if they wish to enter the Reserve.

Those with less consuming interest, or with legs and lungs not so well equipped for rough and hard going, may survey the periphery of the area (which also is still rich in wild flowers in spite of commercial development) from the excellent tarred road from Gordon's Bay, in the north-east corner of False Bay, to Kleinmond, 35 miles beyond, on the coast of the open ocean.



FIRE IN SWAMP VEGETATION STARTED BY A SMALL BOY PLAYING WITH MATCHES. Fires are the greatest danger to life in the reserve, and fire-belts have been cut to prevent them from spreading

THE GOLDEN PALOMINO

By R. S. SUMMERHAYS

NATURE has been generous in decorating the horse, for it appears in nine separate colours—bay, brown, grey, black, dun, chestnut, cream, white and roan, the last of which we find as strawberry or blue. There is also the parti-coloured horse—the white and black piebald, and the white and brown (or bay) skewbald. Perhaps the most beautifully coloured horse to be found anywhere is the golden-bodied Palomino, with its chalk-white mane and tail. It is claimed as the golden horse of America and is the horse of the cowboy of the films as well as America's own parade horse; it is usually decked in a heavily-chased silver Western saddle and bridle.

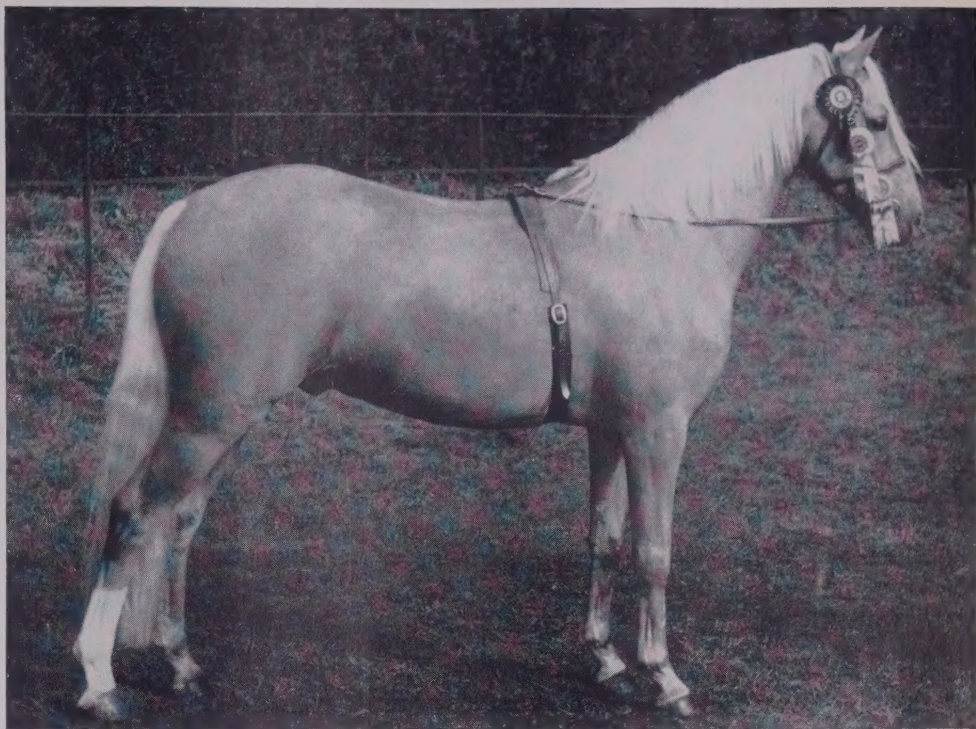
In any discussion of the Palomino two points must be made clear. It is not a breed; nor is it an American horse. In fact, it is a colour type only, and was known in Europe and elsewhere long before Columbus discovered America.

It is probably safe to say that in origin it comes from Spain, greatly influenced by Arab and Barb blood. It is recorded that centuries ago horses of this colouring were bred and highly prized in Spain. Whether Queen Isabella, the sponsor of Columbus, bred them herself or not, we know that she encouraged their breeding. In fact at that time these horses were called Ysabellas in her honour. As a link between the Ysabella and the Palomino, it is on record that Cortez had these coloured horses in Mexico in 1519 and that he presented one of them to a Juan de Palomino. One can only assume from the fact that they afterwards bore his name that he was a gentleman of considerable importance.

To come to modern times, while the American Palomino societies insist on the animal's being a horse, the British Society permits the inclusion of ponies. Both societies are in agreement, however, that the Palomino must be of riding type. This is a sensible enough decision, but as colour only is the deciding factor, there is logically nothing against having the golden colouring among light draught or even heavy cart-horse breeds.

The British Palomino Horse and Pony Society was originally known as the Golden Horse Society. Although there are many horses masquerading as Palominos, if we take the ruling as inflexible, then the muddy, washy, blotchy and patchy have no place with the beautiful horse whose body colour (which includes the legs) should be that of a newly-minted gold coin. The mane and tail must be white, silver or ivory.

There is no doubt that the Palomino is becoming very popular in this country, and at one of our larger shows last season the number of entries exceeded those of all other breeds. The appeal to horsemen must be based largely



LT.-COL. AND MRS. J. F. S. BULLEN'S CHAMPION PALOMINO PONY STALLION BUBBLY. The Palomino should be golden in colour with white, silver or ivory mane and tail; it may have originated in Spain

on a horse of arresting colour which at the same time is of such good conformation that it will give a good and even refined ride. To some extent, in its breeding, colour wars with conformation, yet on the whole it may be said that colour combines with conformation to produce a beautiful riding horse.

In the show-ring the judge is required to award not more than half the marks for colour and the other half for conformation. Few judges accept these instructions very kindly, preferring to rely on their own opinion of the overall merits of any particular animal. In the case of the Palomino, however, this direction is probably wise, for, without it, one can well imagine that the colour factor might submerge the good riding type, and we should find the Palomino completely satisfying as to colour, yet in bodily appearance largely what a good horse should not be. And that would be the end of the Palomino in England.

If we breed the thoroughbred race-horse,

we breed for speed with the choice of sprinting or distance; if the show horse, conformation with action, according to its breed or type. The mountain and moorland pony in its nine varieties must stick rigidly to type all the time. Here there is the indigenous animal to work on, but with the Palomino, unfortunately, this is impossible. And in this, perhaps, lies the charm of colour breeding.

America has four distinct breeds of horse which are truly representative of the country and are found nowhere else, for each was produced there by means of crossing various breeds. They are the Saddle-bred, which is entirely a show horse of five gaits or movements, and is always shown with the mutilated "nicked" tail; the Quarter-horse, famous for short distance racing and working cattle on the ranches; the Tennessee or Plantation Walking horse; and best of all and best known, too, the Morgan horse. To such an extent has the colour of the golden horse penetrated horse breeding in America that each of the societies controlling these breeds has its own section for Palomino stock. There are also Thoroughbred-Palominos and Arab-Palominos in America of almost complete purity. No such infiltration of any of the breeds exists in England, though it would be rash to say that this will always be so.

How then is the Palomino bred? Many matings have been tried, not only to produce the newly-minted gold colouring but in the hope of a reasonable certainty in reproducing it. There have been many failures. Generally breeding is on the lines of a cross between a Palomino and a light chestnut of a light-horse breed with an especially light mane and tail, or a Palomino with a Palomino. Chestnut Arab stallions have been used with success.

During the last twenty years there have been many changes in the horse-show world. To the traditional show classes of hunters, hacks, cobs and hackneys have been added Arab classes, riding horse classes, classes for dressage and for mountain and moorland ponies, either for one breed or open to all nine. These have added welcome variety. Each year more shows are having classes for Palominos, and these animals are now well established. Colour alone, however, will not attract indefinitely, and the Palomino Society should concentrate on showing them under saddle, as well as in hand.



PALOMINO PONY COLT AND FILLY: THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND'S BELVOIR GERVAIS AND BELVOIR ACACIA

CENTRAL HEATING FROM THE SUN

SOLAR HOUSE, RICKMANSWORTH, HERTFORDSHIRE

By H. DALTON CLIFFORD

ALTHOUGH the main interest in Solar House, Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire, lies in its technical equipment, aesthetics have by no means been ignored. The "golden section" was used to establish the proportions not only of the windows, but also of the internal "spatial organisation," including the floors of the living and dining areas, both of which are "golden rectangles." Nevertheless, permission to build was refused by Chorleywood U.D.C. on the ground of incompatibility with surrounding property, and the neighbouring Rickmansworth U.D.C. also opposed the project, fearing that if such a building were allowed just over the boundary line, it might be difficult for them to refuse applications for permission to build similar homes. After a public enquiry, approval was granted by the Minister of Housing.

The golden section, to which I referred above, has been known and used by artists and architects ever since the Theory of Proportions was established by the Pythagoreans. A line is said to be divided according to the golden section when the ratio between the two parts is the same as the ratio between the larger part and the line itself. In other words, if the two parts are A and B, then A is to B as B is to A+B. When A is 1, B is approximately 1.618, and a rectangle with sides in this proportion is a "golden rectangle."

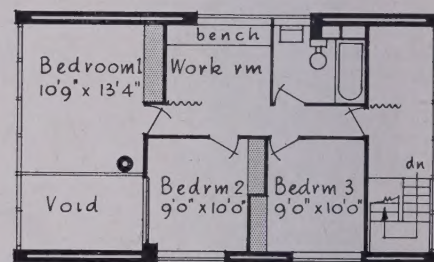
Solar House was designed by Edward J. W. Curtis, A.R.I.B.A., not only as a home for himself and his family, though this was the primary consideration, but also as a means of testing out some novel ideas on planning, interior decoration and particularly heating. Many architects in the past have been justly accused of experimenting on their clients. Here is an architect who, following medical precedent, has swallowed the pill himself and is studying the consequences at first hand.

So far as planning is concerned Mr. Curtis's aim has been to achieve a very high degree of

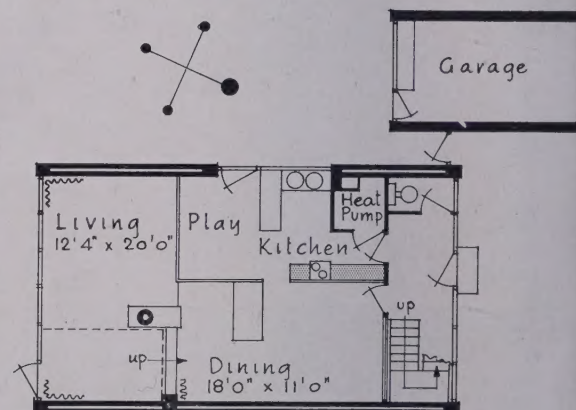


1.—SOLAR HOUSE AS SEEN FROM THE ROAD. All windows are double glazed. The solid panels are of resin-bonded plywood with foil insulation behind

flexibility and a maximum impression of space. With a growing family in a small house it is clearly an advantage to be able to vary at will the size and even the number of rooms, to allocate more or less play-space to the children as their ages and interests change, and to make seasonal variations or short-term adjustments when, for example, friends or relations come to stay. On



First Floor



Ground Floor

3.—PLAN OF THE HOUSE

the ground floor this has been done by using furniture units which stop a foot short of the ceiling, movable partitions, and curtains to divide the open living space into rooms. Upstairs the two smaller bedrooms can be made into one large one by removing the two cupboard fittings which form the dividing wall. Additional sleeping areas can be arranged by curtaining off part of the landing or the corridor work-room.

The feeling of space is truly remarkable. No one could suffer from claustrophobia here. In the daytime the immense view from the south windows across the valley of the Colne is inescapable, and even at night, when the curtains are drawn, there are quite considerable internal vistas, both horizontal and vertical. In the dining area the ceiling is only 7 ft. 6 ins. high, as is usual now in small houses, but the living area is down two steps, so that its ceiling becomes 8 ft. 6 ins. high, while in one place part of the first floor has been sacrificed to leave a void with a ceiling height of 16 ft. 9 ins. The best bedroom, which is open to this void, becomes a gallery, with



2.—THE SOUTH FRONT: A WALL OF GLASS. Four of the panels are coloured and opaque. The windows look out over the Colne valley

ly a handrail to prevent one from falling through into the living area; while the second bedroom has a floor-to-ceiling plate-glass window or borrowed light, so that its occupant can see, as it were, through the void to the view beyond. It is difficult to convey by words or photographs the sense of airy transparency thus created, which seems adequate compensation for the inevitable loss of both visual and acoustic privacy.

The interior decoration of the house is also flexible. Against a background of smooth pale-grey brickwork—for there is no plaster anywhere in this house—brightly coloured curtains hang from double white nylon tracks which run across the windows and along the sidewalls on both floors. The outer curtains are semi-transparent and used primarily to diffuse sunlight, while the inner ones are heavily textured. The colours used include coral, persimmon, yellow, purple and black, and by drawing the curtains in different ways one can obtain a large number of very pronounced variations in the colour scheme. The floors are of plastic tile, black in the living area and neutral grey elsewhere. Movable partitions, door and built-in furniture are all faced with natural mahogany.

The most interesting feature of the house is the method by which the internal atmosphere is maintained at a steady temperature winter and summer, most of the heat coming direct from the sun. The house is a suntrap in an unusual sense, for the solar heat enters through the huge south window and is unable to escape owing to the very high degree of insulation which has been built into the walls and ceilings. Crumpled foil insulation is incorporated above the first-floor fibre-board ceiling, while the hollow side walls have sheets of aluminium foil suspended centrally in the three-inch cavity between the two thicknesses of brickwork. At night the double curtains help to prevent heat losses through the windows.

It has been found that during the spring and autumn very little "artificial" heat is needed to keep the temperature between 65 deg. F. and 70 deg. F., but during the winter months there is not enough heat in the sun, and in the summer there is often far too much. To keep the balance a system has been devised which circulates warm air in the winter and cool air in the summer. It is operated by an electrically driven heat pump, a device which is capable of extracting enough heat from a block of ice to boil a kettle. The plant used is experimental and works on the "water to air" principle: that is to say, heat is extracted from a sprinkle of cold water over a heat exchanger on the roof of the garage, and is concentrated and used to



4.—THE LIVING ROOM WITH THE CURTAINS DRAWN. The movable partitions on the right are faced with natural mahogany plywood. On the extreme right is the cylindrical, polished steel fireplace

heat a coil of tubing. An electric fan draws air through a filter and blows it gently through the heating coil and along ducts into various parts of the house. As it becomes stale the air is extracted, mixed with fresh air, re-filtered, reheated and re-circulated. In hot weather the apparatus, which is thermostatically controlled, can be reversed so that it extracts heat from the coil and releases it on the garage roof. Thus the air which is blown through the coil is effectively cooled.

The domestic hot water supply is also heated by a heat pump. In this case the heat is extracted from the air of the heating chamber and also from a built-in refrigerator—a six-cubic-foot model with normal ice-making equipment and thermostatic control. Enough heat is obtained from these sources to provide up to 120 gallons of water a day at 140 degrees Fahrenheit for an electrical consumption of only 10 units.

The cost of running these devices is being carefully checked, and each piece of apparatus has been separately metered by the Eastern Electricity Board, who were sufficiently

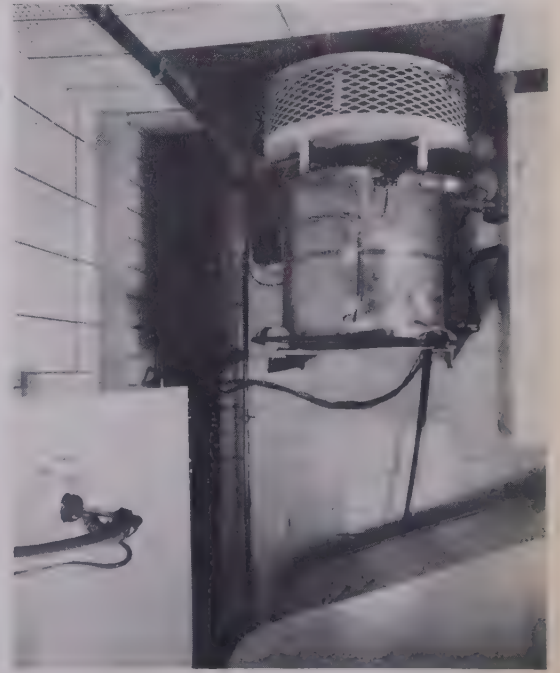
interested in the scheme to co-operate. The total expenditure on electricity for heating, hot water and refrigeration during the first 18 months was £46 10s., a remarkably low figure considering the high degree of comfort maintained.

At a later date it is hoped to test a chemical method of solar heating. The proposal is to install a hollow solar panel from floor to roof against the wall of the "void" where it will receive the sun's direct rays after midday. The panel will be filled with a mixture of salts designed to liquefy in the warmth of the sun during the day and give off latent heat as soon as the temperature falls sufficiently to promote re-crystallisation.

The house has a fireplace—a rather unusual one in stainless steel with underfloor draught and a tubular stack—but this is used only occasionally, being more for effect than for heating.

The total cost of the house including garage, double glazing and ducting, but not including site works or the heat pumps, was under £4,000.

Illustrations: 1, 5 and 6, Sam Lambert; 2, Architect and Building News.



5.—THE KITCHEN, WITH DOUBLE CIRCULAR SINKS. The control panel for air-conditioning is on the left of the built-in refrigerator. (Right) 6.—THE EQUIPMENT IN THE HEAT-PUMP CHAMBER. The walls are lined with sound-absorbing material to deaden the noise of the compressor and fan

AN OWL'S WORLD

Written and Illustrated by W. KENNETH RICHMOND

THE reputation for being an ornithologist is not without its occasional embarrassments, I find. Touching as it is, the readiness with which people assume that one is capable of nursing almost any casualty, and that one keeps open house for all the lost, stolen and stray birds in the district, is often sadly misplaced. The problem is to know what to do for the best in these cases. To reject the offer of a young cuckoo that has been prematurely removed from the nest will in all probability create the impression that one is unsympathetic; and to shake one's head over a lapwing which has flown into the telegraph wires and broken both its legs is to confess one's impotence. Either way, there is a certain loss of face.

The most recent of these orphans to be laid at my doorstep was a tawny owl, and in the circumstances I could hardly refuse to give it board and lodging. For once, mercifully, the bird was not disabled. On the contrary, it was in well-nigh perfect condition. Like many other owlets, it had wandered off while still in the downy stage and had been picked up by a schoolboy who had subsequently kept it for two months in a cage. As usually happens, the foundling had begun by being an interesting pet only to end up as a bit of a nuisance once the novelty had worn off, with the result that it was handed over to me with the request that I should "teach it to fly," and eventually release it.

Thanks to its long confinement, unfortunately, the owl's flight feathers were tattered and frayed. Like Hamlet, too, it was fat and scant of breath: the slightest effort left it gasping and exhausted. From the start it was clear, moreover, that the bird had decided that the world owed it a living, and that it had neither the urge nor the ability to hunt for itself. For that matter, it was too lazy to preen. So long as raw meat was provided it was perfectly content to remain in the cage: in fact, it preferred it, flopping back inside whenever it was released. The question was whether it would ever learn to fend for itself; and who was I, after all, to undertake the primary education of an owl?

At first the only thing to do seemed to be to keep the bird, which I now fancied was a female, though I could never be sure, well stocked with food and wait for the new feathers to grow. Before long, however, it became apparent that the only effect of this *laissez-faire* policy would

be to leave her on my hands indefinitely. Left to her own devices, the owl remained sunk in torpor, a state akin to suspended animation. By night as well as by day, she sat in her corner, never stirring. Only when I handled her did she come to life, snapping her lower mandible to show her resentment and clutching at my fingers in desperation; but once on the fist she immediately relapsed into her former apathy. Her appetite, too, was so poor that I began to fear that she was ailing: the merest sliver of meat was all she would swallow in the course of the day. In short, the helpless baby was in danger of becoming the feckless booby. Nature had seen to it that she had grown into a fully-fledged owl, but for want of nurture at the appropriate time her mentality still remained that of an owlet.

The next step was to leave her out in the garden for long spells, especially in the late afternoon. Naturally her presence there attracted all the small birds in the vicinity. Invariably the first to show up was the robin, followed by the ever-inquisitive wren. Curiosity rather than fear, it seemed, was the motive which inspired these two inquisitors. Blackbirds, on the other hand, flitted their tails and clacked incessantly, showing all the signs of nervousness; but, then, blackbirds always become anxious before going to roost. Titmice fussed around and a pair of magpies chattered from the hedge top, taking care, as usual, to keep their distance. After a time the outcry subsided without any wholesale mobbing developing, presumably because the accusers could see that *this* owl, at any rate, was



AN ORPHAN TAWNY OWL THAT THE AUTHOR IS BRINGING UP. The pinched-face, slit-eyed expression is normal during the daylight hours. It helps to make the bird less conspicuous, and is invariably adopted when the bird alights after a short flight

harmless. Personally, I have always thought that the usual explanation of these mobbings (that is, that the persecutors recognise the owl as an enemy) is a shade too facile. Mistlethrushes and jays in particular are such scare-mongers that they will often churr and screech at the top of their voices when there is no owl anywhere near, and when these false alarms are raised the excitement is so infectious that the others join in without anyone knowing what all the fuss is about.

For her part, the owl remained wholly unperturbed. If anything, she seemed to take a kindly interest in the movements of the birds. When a robin hopped near—perilously near to my way of thinking—she turned her head full-circle to see what it was up to. When a flock of starlings flew overhead her broad face tilted to watch them. Otherwise she never deigned to move. Impassive, slit-eyed, she appeared to doze. But when a dog came snuffing up her eyes opened, round and big as black grapes: the feathers on her crown and mantle fluffed out, swelling up with aversion. It was the same whenever I came to fetch her; the premonitory bill-snapping, the gradual raising of the eyelids as I drew near. Sometimes when her claws got tangled up she would hang head-down, flapping wildly and squealing like a child; and then, in her terror, her eyes became truly enormous.

Hitherto I had always supposed that owls kept their eyes screwed up during the daytime because they were unable to focus properly in a strong light. Certainly the tawny owl shuns the glare. Given the freedom of the out-house my bird always sought out the darkest corner. Why, then, did it become wide-eyed at the sight of a dog? And why, when alighting after a short flight, were the eyes immediately reduced to slits? Presumably to render the bird less conspicuous.

Before long I began to understand the meaning behind these changes in the owl's facial expression, changes which are as much psychological as optical. The pinched, Chinese look, for example, indicated that the bird, though fully alert, was in a state of mind which



THE OWL IN ANGRY MOOD. The signs of annoyance in an owl are bill-snapping and a wide-eyed facial expression



THREAT DISPLAY OF THE TAWNY OWL. When this photograph was taken the bird had just caught sight of a stray dog. The head is lowered, the feathers of the crown and mantle are raised and the wings are half opened. (Right) "WHERE DID THAT ONE GO?" The owl listens to a mouse scurrying through the grass

I can only describe as withdrawn. In this attenuated attitude, with the body stiffly erect, the owl is deliberately self-effacing, probably because it feels unequal to the situation and wishes to escape notice. The open-faced, oval-eyed look, on the other hand, means that the bird is confident and at ease. Raised feathers and a saucer-eyed stare, again, are signs of high excitement—anger, alarm or aggression. Having said this, I should, of course, add that the monkey-faced, slit-eyed appearance is normal during the daytime, just as the round-eyed look is normal after dark. That the owl's retina adjusts itself automatically to different intensities of light can be shown quite easily by placing the bird sideways on in the sunshine, when one eye immediately closes while the other, in shade, remains open.

Even so, it would be idle to pretend that the two of us were coming to any sort of mutual understanding. An owl's world is far too cryptic to allow of that. Still, the acquaintanceship was progressing. Though she never failed to snap her bill at my approach, she accepted her food with good grace, holding it for a moment before bolting it whole. At times she would respond to my whistle with a soft "kee-wik," and when the spirit moved her she would keep up a mewling conversation for several minutes. True, these low complaining notes were not the same as the adult tawny's full-blown hoot, but at least they showed that some vague emotion was stirring inside her; and even if they were complaining they were an improvement on the apathetic silence which she had maintained until then.

As far as hunting was concerned, unfortunately, she was still without a clue. Failing to procure a live mouse, I tried tempting her with a clockwork one, but the experiment was a fiasco, either because she saw through the deception or because she was simply not interested; probably the latter. Rather surprising, this, for most young predators are "to the manner born" and need no encouragement when it comes to making their first kill. The eyas hawk, taken from the nest as a fledgling, may need a little training, but it does not have to be shown what to do exactly. Could it be that for want of parental tuition during the critical formative period of its juvenile life my bird was fated to remain in a state of arrested development? Or was it simply that she had never been given the opportunity of trying her hand after nightfall?

Clearly, there was only one way of settling the question. So, one evening after supper-time, I took the bird to a neighbouring farm and left her perched on a convenient post in the stackyard. Switching off the headlights, I waited to see what she would do. The place was alive with mice and rats: even to the dull ear of a human being the scurrings and the rustlings

in the straw were too obvious to miss. Satisfied that she could come to no harm—the dogs and cats were under lock and key for the night—I left her to get on with the good work.

Next morning, hardly knowing what to expect, I went to see how she had fared. Just as I feared: there she was, still on the same old post, looking thoroughly bedraggled and miserable. What it is to be security-minded! For ten long hours she had not budged an inch. Was it simply my imagination or was she really glad to see me? At any rate, the moment we got back home she took one look at the open shed and flew straight up to her corner among the cobwebs. So ended the first lesson.

There followed a fortnight of daily practice flights with the object of building up her confidence and overcoming her inertia. These sedentary habits would never get her anywhere, I decided. Though her pinions were now in good shape, she still had difficulty in gaining the necessary lift for anything like a sustained flight. To make matters worse, she was clumsy on her

feet and seemed incapable of gauging distances accurately when seeking a perch, with the result that she often ended up spread-eagled in the bushes. On alighting she invariably bounded forward a yard or so, as if she had missed her target and was trying to pin it at the second attempt.

Eventually the time came when I felt justified in trying her out overnight again. The place selected for the second trial run was a fir-wood occupied by at least one pair of tawny owls. Possibly the presence of others of her own kind would provide the stimulus that she lacked. Not a bit of it; next morning I found her crouching in a bed of rushes less than 30 yards from the stump where I had deposited her, and looking so lost and helpless that I did not have the heart to abandon her. By this time, not unnaturally, my feelings towards her were developing into a genuine affection, for who could resist the appeal of that quizzical face or refuse to think that the affection was, in some curious, owlish way, returned? Besides, on this occasion she had made a tentative move, even if it had proved abortive. There was hope for her yet, I felt. Once she had learned that initiative produced results, once her claws had fastened on the first victim that was obliging enough to offer itself for sacrifice, all would be well.

The visits to the wood were accordingly repeated on alternate nights, until one morning I arrived to find no sign of her. Seeing that there was little or no undergrowth the chances that she was hidden among the rushes or under the blackberry clumps (where I had more than once found her previously) could be ruled out, and there were no holes in the trees. No, I told myself, this time the break was final. But if I imagined for a moment that I had seen the last of her I was due for a surprise: before tea that same afternoon there was a knock at the door and the postman, of all people, presented me with a cardboard box. "Special delivery," he grinned, "handed in by a lady up the road." And as I raised the lid out popped a very ruffled, ill-tempered owl.

Since then I have done my best to persuade her to go her own way, returning her again and again to the wood and leaving her there, but, except for one occasion when she stayed away for three whole days, without much success. As might be expected, she is most lively and assertive when hungry, but short of starving the poor thing to death there seems to be no way of discouraging her from hanging around the house. The trouble is that early familiarity with human beings, and dependence upon them has taken the edge off her wildness. Eventually, perhaps, the quavering hoots of the other tawnies in the wood will call her away, though judging by the way things are going as I write it seems unlikely. Female or not, she has certainly shown herself to be the clinging type!



ON THE LOOK-OUT AT DUSK. Though left in a wood for several nights, the bird showed no inclination to hunt for itself

COLLECTORS' QUESTIONS

AN ADMIRAL'S BED

I ENCLOSE a photograph of an admiral's bed. This bed was purchased by my late mother in 1938 at a sale at Weston-super-Mare. The bed came into the sale-room from Mr. R. G. Smith, who was largely responsible for a collection of shipping antiques disposed of by a Mr. W. B. Lillington. The bed was illustrated and advertised by Messrs. J. W. Needham, of Manchester, in the *Connoisseur* of December 22, 1922, page 33, and the description there given reads: "Very rare antique mahogany Admiral's Bed 6 ft. by 3 ft. with four large drawers under; folding sides and ends with original cane bottom. In good condition."

At the sale at which my mother bought the bed it was described by the auctioneer as having been Admiral Lord Howe's bed; it was also stated that it had been with him in his flagship both in the American War of Independence and in the Napoleonic Wars. All the members of my family have always believed this, but I am unable to find absolute proof.

Can you or any of your readers either confirm or confound the statement that the bed belonged to Lord Howe?—RALPH ELTON, Clevedon Court, Somerset.

Mr. Elton has sent the following notes about the bed: "The side fiddles are detachable. The posts supporting the detachable wooden canopy frame are hinged and fold flat into the wicker-work. The body of the bed can be detached from the drawers, parting at the line seen above the end handle. Castors have been fitted, at a later date presumably: one can hardly entertain the idea of them at sea!"

While there is no reason for doubting the association of this bed with Lord Howe, we have been unable to confirm it, and the authorities at the National Maritime Museum have no information about it. Mr. George Naish, whom we consulted, notes that Nelson is known to have used a hanging cot with curtains when at sea, and remarks that Howe may have liked a cot fixed above a chest of drawers. Howe was at sea during the American War of Independence and the French Revolutionary Wars, but not during the Napoleonic Wars. He retired in 1797 and died in 1799. Perhaps one of our readers may have information about the history of the bed before its acquisition by the Manchester firm in 1922. The bed certainly appears to have been a true piece of cabin furniture as used by an admiral or a captain in the later years of the 18th century.

WHO WAS HIS GODDESS?

I should be most grateful if any of your readers could explain the allegorical significance of a portrait of Prince Charles Edward Stuart which is now in my possession. It is painted on a panel (10½ ins. by 13½ ins.) and is by Robert Levrac Tournières (1668-1752); it is signed by him "R. Tournières 175(?)" in the right-hand bottom corner of the picture.



MAHOGANY BED WITH POSTS, FIDDLES AND DRAWERS, REPUTED TO HAVE BEEN USED BY LORD HOWE AT SEA

See question: An Admiral's Bed

The painting, of which I enclose a photograph, formed part of a collection at Hafod, Aberystwyth, which was purchased by the 4th Duke of Newcastle in 1833, and it remained at Clumber until it was purchased by Sir Ian Malcolm, of Poltalloch, at the sale in 1937.—DONALD NICHOLAS, Gatehampton Manor, Goring-on-Thames, Oxfordshire.

Robert Levrac Tournières died in the spring of 1752, and the first three figures of the date on the picture indicate that this fanciful conception of Prince Charles Stuart, attired, apparently, as a shepherd, in classical dress and wrapt in the contemplation of a vision, must have been painted in 1750 or 1751. The history of his troubled years after Culloden provides no definite explanation of what was in the painter's mind. Of the several ladies whose names were associated with the Prince's at that period the two most constant were Madame de Talmond and Clementina Walkinshaw.

In 1750 the former was 40 years of age—ten



A PAINTING OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD ATTIRED AS A SHEPHERD TO WHOM A GODDESS APPEARS IN A VISION. Signed "R. Tournières" and dated 175(?)

See question: Who was his Goddess

years older than the Prince—and hardly the woman to inspire eager dreams of reunion. His liaison with Clementina Walkinshaw is said to have commenced when she, at the age of 20, nursed him at Bannockburn House after the Battle of Falkirk. A daughter, Charlotte, was born to the couple in 1753. In a diary left by her she is reputed to have written that the Prince exacted a promise from her to follow him "wherever Providence might lead him." The vicissitudes of his life after leaving Scotland compelled frequent and lengthy separations, and it is suggested that hers may be the vision appearing to him in the painting.

CLEANING MAIL

I possess a coat-of-mail which has been neglected and is badly rusted. How can I clean it so that it remains in good condition without constant attention?—H. M. B. S., Surrey.

The usual method of cleaning mail is to put it in a revolving container. The friction of the rings rubbing against one another as the container revolves is sufficient to remove the rust, but the effectiveness of the treatment may be increased by putting sand in the container as well. In order to carry out this method of treatment it is necessary to have a lathe and an appropriate container for fitting to it. Another method, which is only a poor substitute, is to brush the mail thoroughly with a stiff wire brush.

Preservation of mail in a damp atmosphere such as is normal in many parts of England is always a problem. It can be dipped in a synthetic resin, which will prevent rust, but the liquid will stiffen the links when it dries and the mail will not hang well. The best course is simply to oil the mail well. Even if well oiled, it would still need looking at at quarterly intervals to make sure that rust was not returning.

MAGGS OF SOMERSET

I recently purchased an old oil painting of a night coaching scene, with two coaches and teams of horses and buildings in the background reminding me of the bottom of Regent-street. A torn piece of paper on the back reveals that it is by Maggs, of Somerset. Can you or one of your readers confirm that Maggs painted such a picture?—J. E. SMALLMAN, Cardigan House, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire.

The artist in question was probably James Charles Maggs, a Bath painter of coaching and topographical scenes, who died in that city in 1896 in his 78th year. Records are meagre, and little information is to be gleaned from any work of reference. The Bristol City Art Gallery is believed to have several pictures by Maggs of coaching incidents and London views, and he is also represented in the Victoria Art Gallery, Bath.

RICHARD KEY'S PLATE

I should be greatly obliged if you could give me any information leading to the identity of "Richard Key of Roylay in the Township of

"Wrighton," whose name and place of abode, with the date 1750, are painted in blue enamel on the back of a Liverpool delft plate of which I enclose two photographs.

The plate is of normal size, $8\frac{1}{2}$ ins. in diameter, painted on the face with a formal Chinese design in blue, the same colour having been used for the inscription on the back.—J.T., London, S.W.

Royley is a hamlet in the township of Royton, which lies north-east of Manchester between Oldham and Rochdale. The unusual spelling "Wrighton" approximates to the local pronunciation of the name, earlier forms of which were Ryton and Ruyton. No Richard Key of Royley is mentioned in the account of Royton in the *Victoria County History of Lancashire* (Vol. v), and it would probably be necessary to carry out research locally in order to obtain facts about him.

It is not always easy to distinguish between Lambeth, Bristol and Liverpool delft, but as Royley is in Lancashire, this may fairly be assumed to be a Liverpool piece.



LIVERPOOL DELFT PLATE WITH A CHINESE DESIGN PAINTED IN BLUE AND DATED ON THE BACK 1750. Above the date is the name of the man for whom it was made

See question: Richard Key's Plate (page 446)



RICHARD FITZGERALD, 23rd KNIGHT OF GLIN, BEING HANDLED BY A SERVANT A CHALLENGE TO A DUEL. The painting, which can be dated about 1745, is attributed to Highmore

See question: Highmore's Servant

June 29, 1775.—THE KNIGHT OF GLIN, Qualicum Beach, Vancouver Island, British Columbia.

At first sight the Highmore attribution is not entirely convincing; the picture does not seem quite good enough. But as no alternative ascription can be confidently advanced, it would be unreasonable to dismiss the tradition. The date of the painting is about 1745. There is nothing improbable about the story of Highmore's use of his servant as a model or accessory figure, but we do not know of another portrait in which he appears. If Highmore was the artist, it is very likely that his signature is or was on the canvas. It would be worth examining it carefully to see whether it is signed.

HENRY CALVERT

I am enclosing a photograph of a picture I have. It is by H. Calvert and was painted in 1858. I am anxious to know the name of the old gentleman on the grey horse. I have another picture by the

same artist portraying my great-aunt. All I know about Calvert is that he lived in Cheshire.—P. COLMAN (Mrs.), Scalford Hall, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire.

Henry Calvert, who was a Lancashire artist, devoted himself mainly to portraiture of notable people in the North Country, as well as to incidents of the hunting field and paintings of famous race-horses and hunters. His identified paintings date from about 1826 to well after the middle of the century, but, as few details of his life and work have been published, recognition of his sitters is rarely possible unless the pictures have been engraved. Calvert's two most notable pictures were *The Wynnstay Hunt* and *The Meet of the Vine Hounds*. The Wynnstay Hunt was started about 1841 by Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, M.P. for Denbighshire for many years, and it has been suggested that this may be a portrait of him with his two grooms. However, it is unlikely that in 1858 he would have been quite as old as he appears here. No engraving of the subject has been found, but it may possibly be recognised by a reader.

Questions intended for these pages should be addressed to the Editor, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock-street, W.C.2, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed for reply. A photograph or a careful drawing is often helpful, but in no case should originals be sent. Not more than two questions should be submitted at one time. It is regretted that estimates of market values cannot be given; nor is advice offered to readers about ways and means of disposing of their possessions.



PAINTING BY HENRY CALVERT DATED 1858. IDENTIFICATION OF THE MAN ON THE GREY IS SOUGHT

See question: Henry Calvert

HIGHMORE'S SERVANT

The picture seen in the enclosed photograph hangs in Glin Castle in southern Ireland. By family tradition it is ascribed to Joseph Highmore. The portrait depicts Richard Fitzgerald, 23rd Knight of Glin, receiving from his servant a challenge to a duel with a celebrated Spanish swordsman, whose name is not known. In the ensuing fight the Knight had much difficulty in dealing with his opponent, so one of his Irish retainers among the onlookers shouted: "Stick him where they stick the pigs, Knight." The Knight lunged and pierced the Spaniard in the neck. After the duel it was found that the Spaniard was wearing chain mail under his clothes.

On returning from Spain to Ireland by way of London the Knight is said to have commissioned Highmore to paint the portrait. The model for the Knight's servant is believed to have been a servant of Highmore whom the artist often painted. I should be much interested to have an opinion on the picture and to know whether Highmore's servant was, in fact, often painted by his master. Also can you give me an approximate date for the painting? Richard Fitzgerald, who was known as the Duellist Knight, died on

ENGLAND'S EASY RUGBY VICTORY

By O. L. OWEN

NOT everyone felt convinced that England's Rugby players would survive the Paris test last week-end, but they did so in the problematical manner to which one has had to grow accustomed, and they can now face the Scots at Murrayfield as a side unbeaten in the championship since that disastrous postponed encounter with France in April, 1956.

England on this occasion were not only fighting hard to retain the title they had won last season. They were very much on their mettle against the French, who, since 1947, had beaten them six times to five—something very different from what used to occur in the old days. Nor had England's chances been improved by two enforced changes, one at full-back and the other at forward, where injury had turned the outstanding P. G. D. Robbins into a spectator. English form, in fact, had invited harsher adjectives than problematical ever since their drawn game with Wales and the "near call" against Australia, not to mention the rather unconvincing victory over Ireland—all at Twickenham, inside a month. Yet the pessimists

Yet, after they had led by eleven points to nil at half-time, it was the English team who revealed the greater embarrassment, even futility, in attack. Nor was this because, for a while, the two injured Frenchmen, Vignes, the centre, and Danos, the scrum-half, lined up as extra full-backs alongside Vannier. Even the eight English forwards, playing against six Frenchmen, failed dismally to open up the play. Roused at last by the angry whistlings of the disappointed spectators, rather than by anything done to them by their opponents, the French pack maintained a desperate effort for most of the second period. This surely must have brought tangible results—though the neutralising of the whole English team was not to be despised—if the French backs could have kept their heads. But even a great player like Vannier failed to overcome the depression which had descended upon his fellows. He revealed this by the half-hearted way in which he took several penalty kicks at goal. The English kicking about this time was not much better, but at least Hastings eventually landed three

breakaway, of the two forwards, Ashcroft and A. J. Herbert, who was playing in his first international match as the substitute for Robbins.

All of a sudden, the whole course of the match changed as if by magic. Bartlett started it by getting in a short punt ahead which fell short of Maudhuy on the French right wing. Butterfield raced up at top speed and, helped by a friendly bounce, picked up and drew the full-back before passing out to Thompson. The latter not only scored a try but gave Hastings a fairly easy kick at goal. This must have come as a shock to the confident French who soon afterwards had to watch a fine kick at goal by Vannier—not yet the disheartened Vannier—go just wide from 50 yards.

There followed shock number two, a brilliant breakaway by Phillips which easily slipped Vignes and left that player limping with a pulled muscle. Butterfield locked up Phillips and again threw a pass out to Thompson, who, however, this time, had to use all his momentum and powerful physique to get over at the corner flag.

The difference between the two defences was shown a moment later when Bouquet, the French stand-off player, broke clean away only to be smothered in the nick of time. Not so Jackson, on England's right flank, when, like the ever-watchful player he is, he snatched the ball almost out of the hands of two hesitant forwards and set off on a 70-yard run for the French line and got there. Jackson is not an outstandingly fast wing, but he has perfect balance and he cleverly avoided a tackle by Bouquet when the latter overhauled him on the goal-line.

With Vignes mournfully wandering round the field, now inside the touch-line, now just outside, but eventually becoming full-back number two, France were obviously in a bad way. Everybody, moreover, seemed to know it and wanted to express his feelings on the subject. Worse still followed, for Danos had to leave the field to have an injured hand bound up and, when he returned, just before the interval, he alternated between the rôle of full-back number three and a rather lame-duck at the heels of the forwards.

So far as the result was concerned the game was as good as over, but the six French forwards—two of them were now needed as backs—to their infinite credit decided to put up a fight and, wonderful to relate, they were enough, in scrummage, loose and line-out, to hold England sufficiently for the rest of the game. Undoubtedly, the English forwards were strikingly ineffective in opening up the play for their backs, but one feels bound to remark that a Barbarian side, for example, would have indulged in fewer safety-first kicks to touch and, instead, have taken chances in throwing the ball about. It will be said that happy-go-lucky passing simply is not done in international Rugby, but, after all, England by this time were in such a safe position that they could have afforded to take risks. One repeats, however, that the English players seemed as much embarrassed by their success and good luck as the French backs were demoralised by misfortune. In that way, the rout of France after all was limited to a goal, a penalty goal and two tries to nil.

What would have happened if England had pressed home their advantage to the full? Well, one rather shudders to think of what might have happened to the French selectors assembled so conspicuously in the main stand. A much happier feature of the proceedings "off stage" was the number of boys who had been encouraged to watch the match. French Rugby is now so good that it deserves plenty of young reserves and fewer of the kind of spectators who imagine they are supporting their side by hurling insults at the selectors. In spite of Saturday's result, one would not advise either Wales or Ireland to underestimate the French when they meet them later in the season.



ENGLAND ON THE ATTACK IN THE RUGBY INTERNATIONAL IN PARIS LAST SATURDAY. Jeeps (No. 7) passes the ball out from behind a scrum. England defeated France by 14 points to nil

and wiseacres had to grant that, whenever the English fifteen did wake up and show their power in attack, they scored some brilliant tries, just as they had done in the previous season.

True to form, they did it again last Saturday, when, for a change, the playing conditions were perfect, but the struggle itself was confused and uproarious even for Colombes. Altogether, it was a quite extraordinary match, with entirely unpredictable developments, both on and off the field. Neither the opening stages, which showed French Rugby élan at its best, nor the sudden English recovery, which brought three devastating tries and reduced French hopes to zero, were anything like the whole story.

When, in addition to this, the French had a centre and their scrum-half hurt, it really looked as if the English score eventually must reach embarrassing proportions. Quite frankly, a completely disheartened French team "packed up" for a while, and a substantial proportion of the crowd of 50,000 people did not improve matters by hurling epithets and a few missiles at the hapless French selection committee, and especially its chairman.

penalty points—the only score achieved by victorious England in the second period! That, of itself, was an astonishing thing. One must, of course, assume that the English players had subconsciously relaxed, and, then, as so often happens, failed to get back into a stride.

The game had opened at a great pace set by the Frenchmen on beautifully firm going, in sunshine and an appropriately sharp atmosphere. England were not without their faithful followers in the stands, but these had little to cheer for nearly 20 minutes. It was especially alarming to see the French forwards tear through their opponents in the loose mauls, though, perhaps, the most terrifying thing of all was a fumble by Bartlett right in front of the posts in trying to field a long penalty drop at goal by Vannier. The French never fail to follow up kicks of this kind, when most of the defending side have their eyes glued on the ball in the air. The fleet-footed wing three-quarter, Dupuy, was only one of those who were on Bartlett like a flash. By contrast, a promising feature of the English effort during this crisis was the magnificent activity, both in covering and in the

PRESERVING COUNTRY BYGONES

By JOHN DALTON

IN 1951 a small group of people at Reading University boldly established their own Museum of English Rural Life. This museum stands in Whiteknights Park, collects, conserves and displays the rapidly disappearing tools and equipment of the past and gathers together information on every aspect of the history of the English countryside.

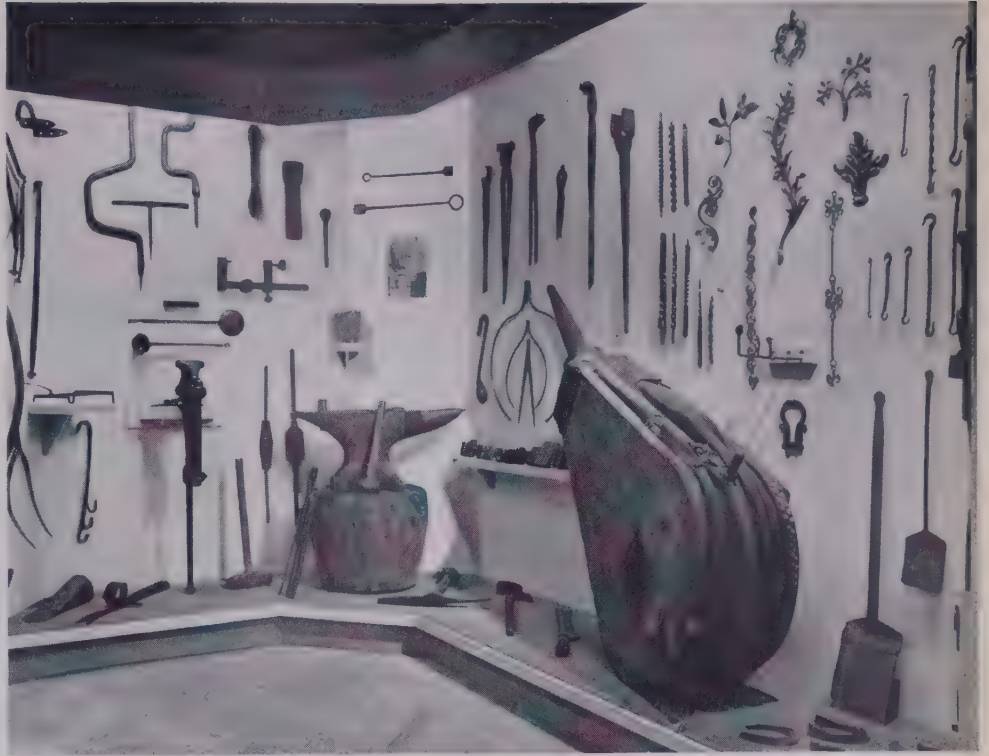
To-day, when most of us begin to forget that only a few generations ago nearly all Englishmen not only were countrymen, but also derived their livelihood from the land, this venture to preserve an adequate and concrete knowledge of the past is unique, at least in England. (Wales has its own Folk Museum at St. Fagan's, near Cardiff). Encouraged too by rural culture studies and museum developments in Scandinavia, but, armed with little more than the simple faith that a centre of academic standing working on a national scale should exist, the little group went ahead. In a swiftly changing society, with much material vanishing each year, a national centre seemed immediately essential: the collection began.

Exhibits range from ancient ploughs and wagons to butter-patters and moulds for making ginger-bread, from carts to artificial flies and straw-splitters. Most of the material—which comes from southern rather than northern England—is collected under four main headings: agriculture, crafts, domestic equipment and village life. At the outset several substantial gifts were received, notably, for instance, the entire collections of old tools and implements belonging to the late H. J. Massingham and the late Miss Lavinia Smith. Few articles have had to be purchased.

Among the larger exhibits is an important county collection of wagons, varied in design from region to region and ranging from a heavy Lincolnshire box wagon to a very light Cotswold bow-raved one; a threshing machine and steam-engine of the 1870s; and several ploughs with wooden mould-boards.

The crafts section is rich in tools, especially those of the wheelwright, carpenter and blacksmith. There are also selections from other crafts, for example, saddlery, thatching, pottery and basket-making.

The domestic section gives a clear picture of the many tasks of the farm-house, including butter- and cheese-making, as well as cooking.



DISPLAY OF BLACKSMITHS' AND OTHER TOOLS AND WROUGHT IRONWORK IN THE MUSEUM OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE, AT READING. This museum was started in 1951 to preserve the vanishing relics of English country life

At the end of one room is a reconstruction of an early-19th-century open hearth fireplace, with its trivets, spits and fire-dogs. The size of the utensils, many of brass and copper, suggests that in the kitchen and dairy strength and hard work went hand in hand. Fine examples of other domestic crafts such as weaving, lace-making and glove-making are also shown.

The display of all the exhibits, mostly in open bays without glass to allow for easy removal and changes, is extremely attractive and the lighting is easy on the eye. One large room

is continually reserved for temporary loan exhibitions, of which there are usually three each year. Recent ones have presented beekeeping, and the rural game of cricket, including items from the M.C.C. Museum at Lord's. Thanks to the kindness of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, the Museum was also able to exhibit at the Royal Shows at Cambridge in 1951 and at Newton Abbot in 1952, where thousands of people saw their ingenious stand.

All this is observable. What is not seen by the public is the work behind the scenes. In the workshops and the forge technicians are constantly busy. On arrival many objects, mainly owing to woodworm and rust, are in a poor state of preservation. Everything has to be inspected and treated by the technical staff before being displayed or stored. Repairs may take days or, in some cases, months.

But the main work is the amassing of information: the essential enrichment of all exhibits by full background material. The normal procedure of classification, indices, catalogues and photographs all play a part in a complete documentation. Such systematic records ensure that the facts, so far as they are known, will always be available to the student, the research worker and the general public both to-day and to-morrow. A series of monographs giving the results of research are being published; the first deals with the development and design of the four-wheeled wagon.

In a society apparently geared to science, rockets and space-travel, such a museum—where even 19th-century exhibits already begin to take on a quaint, almost mediæval look—may seem irrelevant. But if, moon-bent, we grow less conscious of our roots and our rural ancestry, it is not possible yet—even while Sputniks whizz and bleep—to ignore the fact that man has lived, and will for some time continue to live traditionally, by cultivating the thin top layer of the globe.

The museum is open on weekdays (except Monday) and on Sunday afternoons during the summer months, and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons only from November to April.

Illustrations: University of Reading, Museum of English Rural Life.



OLD DIGGING IMPLEMENTS AND, ON THE LEFT, A CASE OF PLOUGHS

HOARE'S BANK, FLEET-STREET, E.C.4

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

Built 1829-33 from designs by Charles Parker on the site it has occupied since 1690, the Bank comprises a residence for partners who, with rare exceptions, have always been descendants of its founder c. 1672

"HIS MAJESTY feels that this record must be unique among the great banking houses in the City of London," wrote King George V's secretary early in 1923. He referred to Hoare's Bank's having just celebrated its 250th anniversary, a period during which "the concern has been handed down in an unbroken line from father to son." The corresponding anniversary of its occupying the present site, on part of which had stood the Mitre Tavern, familiar to Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson, fell in 1940. That was celebrated by grand illuminations caused by the bombing and burning to the ground of the adjacent parts of the Temple and Sergeant's Inn.

The building, which its inmates valiantly succeeded in saving, is of particular interest for the quality and integrity of its late Neo-Classical design, and for preserving the traditional combination, now very rare, of business house and family residence. In both aspects it can be regarded as one of the series of outstanding houses due to the Hoare family, which includes Stourhead, Wiltshire; Boreham, Essex; Barn Elms, remembered as Ranelagh Club-house; and Luscombe Castle, Devon. Its most remarkable significance, however, is as representing the home, since 1690, of the only English bank surviving unamalgamated that is older (by

some 20 years) than the Bank of England: one of the three, of which Child's and Snow's were the others, originally established in the middle of the 17th century.

The demand for means of deposit, credit and paper money in place of the cumbrous methods of mediæval finance was growing in Elizabeth's I's reign, and led in that of James I to the more enterprising goldsmiths' providing these facilities, which developed into a regular system during the Commonwealth. A pamphlet reviewing the position in 1672 implies that the rudiments of modern banking were by then established in London. It also makes the particular point that "the goldsmiths (or new fashioned bankers) began to receive the rents of gentlemen's estates remitted to town, and to allow them interest



1.—THE FRONT TO FLEET-STREET, FROM ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH



2.—THE BANKING HALL, OR "SHOP." THE CAST-IRON STOVE IN THE CENTRE IS THE ORIGINAL MEANS OF HEATING

for it, which was . . . a great allurements;" while "they could also draw it out with infinitely less trouble than if they had lent it on either real or personal security."

Mr. H. P. R. Hoare remarks in his valuable *Hoare's Bank, A Record 1672-1955*, that "we have no definite proof that our Bank was established before 1672;" the earliest ledger starts in 1673, but it is possible that John Hoare, a goldsmith, had laid the foundations of the business as early as 1597; and a John and Lawrence Hoare, also goldsmiths, were concerned with banking in 1633. Richard Hoare, the authentic founder of the business, was apprenticed to a goldsmith in 1665, and probably in partnership with another, Robert Tempest, engaged in banking at his sign of the Golden Bottle in Cheapside, in 1672. On the latter's death a year later, Richard Hoare took charge of this business at the same address, and in 1690 moved it, and the Golden Bottle, to Fleet-street, opposite to St. Dunstan's Church. But the row of brick houses, seen in Fig. 10, of which it is the third from the left, that has the Golden Bottle over its door, look as though they had been built a generation later, since they observe the requirements of the 1707-09 Building Acts (recessed windows and a parapet in place of wooden cornice).

Sir Richard, knighted in 1702 and Lord Mayor in 1713, was the son of a successful horse dealer, whose father was a Buckinghamshire yeoman; indications that, although some of the family were already in commerce, its roots were in the country. Possibly for that reason, but chiefly because he was a Tory (whereas the Bank of England had been promoted by Whigs) Hoare's Bank attracted many country gentry (its archives contain a mass of largely unexplored historical material relating to county families). It was Henry Hoare, second son of Sir Richard, who began the connection of the family itself with the arts and architecture, by commissioning Colen Campbell in 1722 to design Stourhead—completed only in 1840 with the building of its portico by the same architect. Charles Parker, who had rebuilt the Bank. Meanwhile others of Sir Richard's descendants had employed Edward Shepherd (of Shepherd's Market) to build Boreham, Flitcroft for garden architecture at Stourhead, Nash and Repton for Luscombe, and the younger Chippendale for furniture.

The need for rebuilding was already recognised in 1799, when a fund was formed with this ultimate purpose, but it was not till 1826, when the old premises had become very dilapidated and inconvenient, that it was put in hand. Why or how Charles Parker was chosen as the architect is unexplained. Born in 1800, he was possibly a brother of Samuel Parker, of 17, Argyle-street, founder and metal-worker, employed here and also by Nash, e.g. for the chased bronze gates of Marble Arch and balustrade of the Grand Staircase, Buckingham Palace (cf. H. Clifford Smith: *Buckingham Palace*). Samuel Parker, the "glass man" employed at Carlton House 1783-86, may have been their father. In a letter, on the heading of which he is described as "Bronzist to His late Majesty and Patentee of the Fountain Lamp," concerning a bronze tripod ordered but not required for the Bank, Samuel Parker refers to "my brother," presumably the architect. Charles had been a pupil of Sir J. Wyattville and subsequently studied in Italy, whence it seems he had only just returned. There he had spent much time drawing picturesque "buildings and scenes in the vicinity of Rome and Florence," which he proceeded to have lithographed and published (1832) with the title of *Villa Rustica . . . arranged for Lodges and Domestic Dwellings*. Since the Bank was his first commission (it was to prove also the most important he received), the partners took



3.—THE DRAWING-ROOM UPSTAIRS AND OVERLOOKING THE GARDEN

expected something more of a *palazzo*; but, although there is nothing specifically Italianate about any of the designs, Parker did similarly dispense with a centralised front, so facilitating the entrance being set to one side, as was essential for the plan. It is in fact contained in the eastern (left) of the identical terminal bays which slightly project. The intervening expanse is devoid of accent but for a cornice and parapet, the whole design relying on the rhythm, as unemphatic as a balance-sheet, of arched and entablatured windows. The Bath stone façade was cleaned at the time of King George V's Jubilee, when the two balconies were also added without prejudice to its quiet distinction.

The internal arrangement is virtually that of a private town house with the ground floor used for business. The normal, relatively narrow, hall leads forward to the straight staircase, which is given added dignity by the balustrade of metal Doric columns that ascends from a circular pedestal carrying a tripod lamp (Fig. 6). Beside the entry is the banking hall, or "shop", as it is still called (Fig. 2), with counters along its north and west sides, and "windows" through to the counting house and the original partners' room facing south. In the middle of the stone-paved shop is one of those free-standing cast-iron stoves of which the flue passes under the floor, that came into use, especially for halls, early in the 19th century and was



4.—THE PARTNERS' DINING-ROOM HUNG WITH HOARE PORTRAITS

the precaution of submitting his design to Wyattville. The latter's comments were entirely favourable, but he took the opportunity of recommending, if any doubt of Parker's ability arose, the employment as builders of Messrs. Armstrong and Siddon, also former assistants, who, he said, had taken on his building business when he had relinquished it and to whom he had advanced money for the purpose. This naïve and characteristically Wyattish proposal does not seem to have been adopted by the partners, who employed Baker and Son as their builders.

Parker's earliest designs are dated 1826-27: they show a frontage of five bays only and are based already on two lateral entrances, and offer variant columnar treatments. When the adjoining site was incorporated to give the present frontage, a simplified elevation developed, retaining the original subdivisions, though without an actual duplicate entrance in the west bay. The first brick was laid on May 29, 1829, by Henry Ainslie, aged five, grandson of Henry Hugh Hoare, on "ye anniversary of K.Ch.2 Restoration," it was noted.

The choice of Charles Parker proved a happy one for the purpose, for his design combined the characteristics of a family mansion with the up-to-date requirements of a bank and, while Georgian enough to suit the partners' conservative taste, struck the contemporary note of business-like Neo-Classical simplicity (Fig. 1). From Parker's antecedents, and from the final version having been designed within a year of Barry's Travellers' Club, we might have



5.—THE MUSEUM, WITH FURNITURE BY THE YOUNGER CHIPPENDALE



6.—THE STAIRCASE FROM "SHOP" TO "HOUSE." (Right) 7.—THE FIRST-FLOOR CORRIDOR

frequently used by the Wyatts. In the handsomely designed pedestal a honeysuckle motif ornaments the vents, and it is surmounted by the original Kolza oil lamp of Classical form, now adapted to electricity. The arcaded sides of the room are flush-surfaced, rather than

panelled, in oak up to the entablature of the classically rendered walls—a considerable feat of carpentry before laminated board was invented. The two adjoining rooms are similarly treated. On a shelf in the shop can be seen ranged the silk hats that are part of the porters' traditional

uniform of blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons. It is all characteristic of the way that, while introducing the most modern equipment and methods, Messrs. Hoare preserve the more pleasing aspects of the past—even to a few quill pens on the counters.



8.—THE NEW (1929) PARTNERS' ROOM

Tradition is most picturesquely represented in the warehouse (Fig. 12), where customers' deed boxes and ledgers going back to 1673 are still stored—in contrast with the armour-plated strong rooms in the main vaults. The warehouse occupies the range across the paved garden court, delightful in summer with a little fountain and flowering shrubs growing in stone pots and lead cisterns. Since the war this has been open to the south, except for Sir Herbert Baker's pleasing loggia connecting the two flanking ranges, but is now in course of being closed in by the erection of additional accommodation. Sir Herbert also designed the new partners' room (Fig. 8) on the east side of the court, to which it looks out through a large bow window. On the oak-panelled walls hang portraits of recent partners, except that in the traditional place over the fireplace is one displaying the second Sir Richard, Lord Mayor in 1745, *à cheval* and carrying the Sword of State, in allusion to his organising the City's defence against the expected incursion of the Young Pretender. Till recently the muskets and bayonets issued to the Bank's staff at the time of the Gordon Riots were ranged in the upstairs corridor above the doorway to which from the staircase (Fig. 6) hangs the original Leather Bottle *signum* of the house, its gilding now much worn

The corridor runs the width of the first storey, with the private apartments of the "house" on either side. When the present building was first occupied, it was the invariable custom for one partner, together with his family and domestic staff, to reside in Fleet-street for a prolonged period. It is still a rule for a member of the family to sleep at the Bank every night; but the provision referred to in the following entry in the partners' diary for 1837 no longer applies: "Upon the event of Peter's marriage—it is now approved that if one of the juniors shall take sleeping duty, accommodation shall be provided for receiving his wife, abigail and valet." The principal reception room, overlooking Fleet-street, is now used as a museum (Fig. 5), with cases displaying historic cheques, autographs, and similar documents going back to Charles II's reign. Traditionally, the mahogany chairs and bookcases, some of which must have been in the old building, were supplied by the younger Chippendale. Since he was employed extensively by Sir R. C. Hoare at Stourhead, and by Charles Hoare at Luscombe, this is highly probable, though no documentary proof has come to light. As he died in 1822, he could not figure in the building and furnishing accounts, which do tell us, however, that the contracting plasterers were the well-known firm of Bernasconi. Overlooking the gardens are the drawing- and dining-rooms. The former (Fig. 3), which might be a hundred miles from Fleet-street, is interesting for its conservatively Georgian decoration—the cornices might have been detailed 60 years earlier. On the walls hang two pictures of Benjamin Hoare of Boreham, with his hounds,



9.—BENJAMIN HOARE, OF BOREHAM, AND HIS HOUNDS, BY WOOTTON



10.—THE SITE IN 1829. MESSRS. HOARE'S HOUSE IS THE THIRD FROM THE LEFT

by Wootton (Fig. 9), and two, attributed to Canaletto, from Stourhead. The adjoining dining-room (Fig. 4) contains a remarkable collection of portraits of the Hoare family. Sir Richard, the founder, the first to be Lord Mayor, is in the place of honour over the fireplace. Over the Chippendale sideboard, which is flanked by companion hot-plates still in use, is his son and partner, Henry Hoare of Stourhead, depicted, possibly by Dahl, with a drawing for that house in his hand. On either side of Henry are his sons and grandsons—Sir Richard, the second Lord Mayor, and his son Sir Richard, first Baronet of Barn Elms, to the right. For partners' luncheon a number of silver objects with curious histories are used; pepper-pots that were originally sand-dredgers, and taper-holders converted into mustard-pots. The two upper floors provide bedrooms for all the partners, and beds can be found for the clerks in an emergency. The kitchens, catering for the staff as well as the partners, are in the basement, where one of the cellars is believed to be a relic of the Mitre Tavern. In its vault there was a hole, now blocked, through which passed casks of liquor that must often have refreshed historic genius. For there is a verse ("From the rich Lavinian shore . . .") "which Shakespeare made at ye Mitre in Fleet Street"; and here it was that Boswell was introduced to and often sat with Johnson. It is an agreeable thought that the secular sobriety of the senior bank rests, in part, upon foundations which have contributed to immortals' merriment.



11.—THE GARDEN COURT, LOOKING SOUTH. (Right) 12.—ANCESTRAL DEED-BOXES IN THE WAREHOUSE

SEA-COW OF THE SHALLOWS

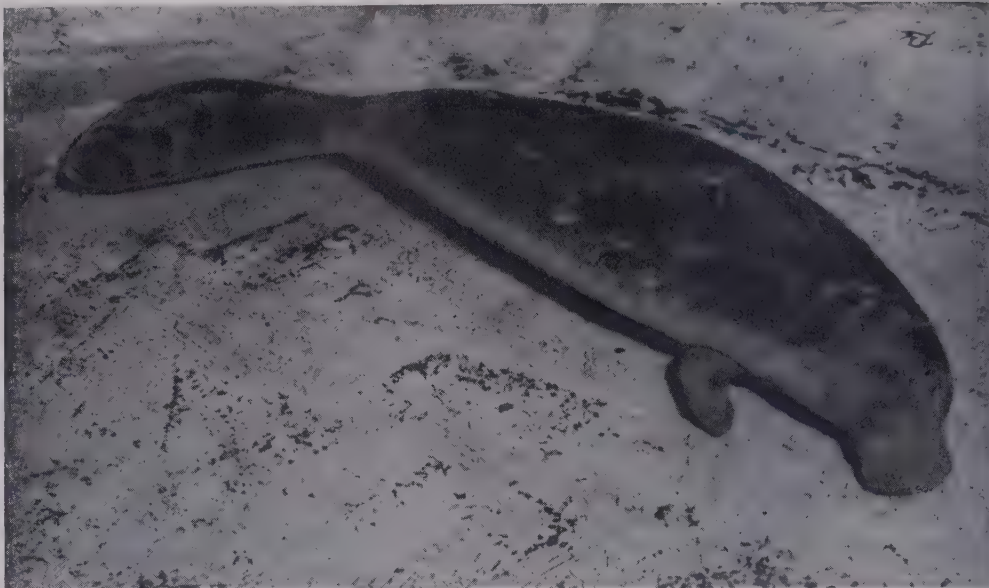
Written and Illustrated by PHILIP STREET

THE London Zoo Aquarium is one of the few places in the world where you can see sea-cows, either captive or wild. In the 18 months that the pair have lived there many thousands of people have taken the opportunity to go to see these most interesting but ungainly creatures.

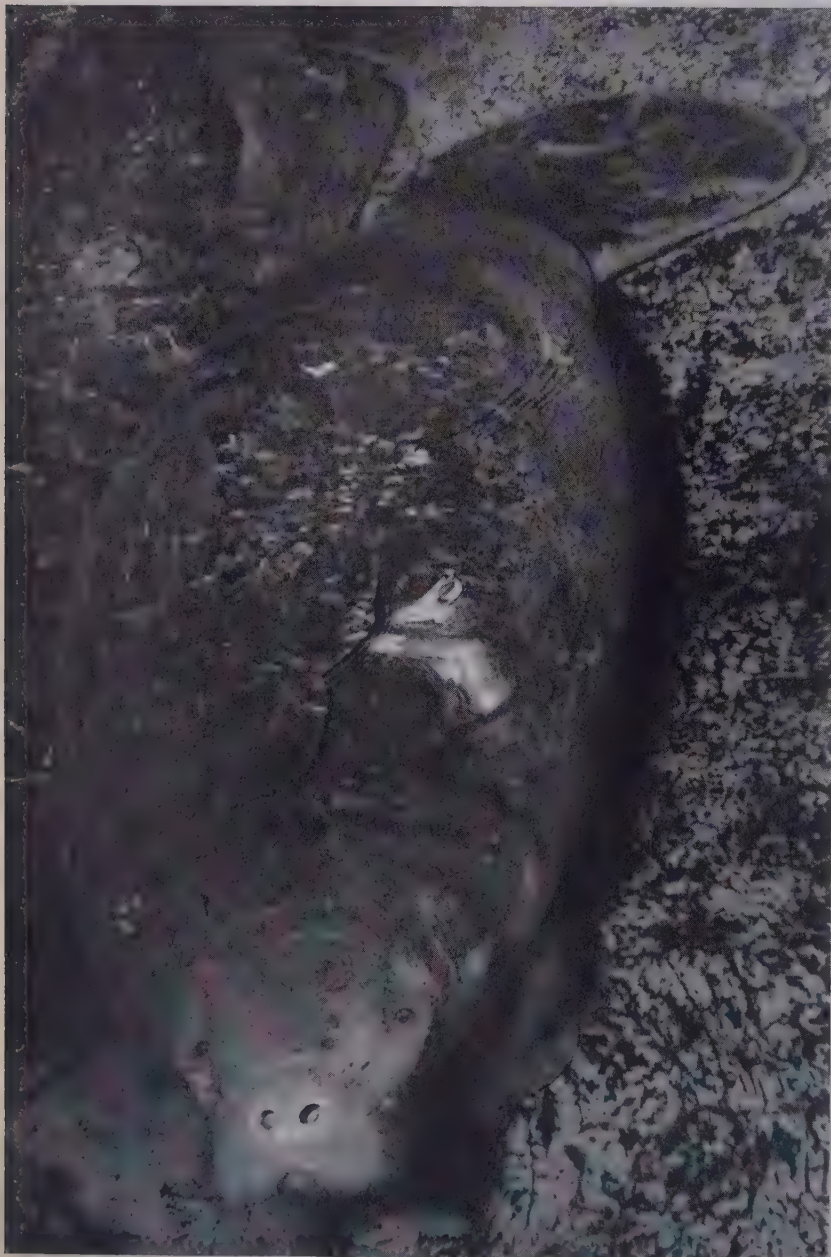
Nature has tried three quite separate experiments with aquatic mammals. With the whales and their kin, and with the seals, sea-lions and walruses, these experiments have been extremely successful. The animals in these two groups have not only become almost perfectly adapted in structure to an aquatic mode of life; they have also become dominant members of their environment, and conspicuously successful biologically. Only indiscriminate commercial exploitation has been able to restrict their numbers and endanger the future of some of them.

The Sirenia or sea-cows, on the other hand, despite being apparently as well adapted structurally as the whales, have somehow never managed really to conquer their aquatic environment. Consequently we find them extremely restricted in their distribution, even allowing for the effects of fairly severe exploitation by man until very recently.

There are two kinds of sea-cows—dugongs and manatees. The former are entirely marine, inhabiting shallow coastal waters in many



MANATEE, ONE OF THE SEA-COW FAMILY. The manatee lives in brackish water on both sides of the tropical Atlantic and is entirely vegetarian. This and the following photographs were taken in the London Zoo



MANATEE SWIMMING AROUND ITS POOL. "The manatee's head is singularly lacking in features"

places from East Africa right across the Indian Ocean to some of the nearer Pacific Islands, and extending as far south as Northern Australia. Manatees seem almost to prefer fresh and brackish water, and they occur as isolated colonies in river estuaries and along neighbouring coasts from Florida down to Brazil on one side of the Atlantic, and along the west coast of Africa on the other.

The restricted distribution of sea-cows is to a large extent dictated by their feeding habits. They are entirely vegetarian, feeding on river weeds and seaweeds. The latter are found in the main only in shallow coastal waters. Their temperament, too, hardly fits them for a dominant rôle, for they are extremely sluggish creatures, spending most of their time just lying on the sea or river bed, moving only occasionally when necessity dictates a move to the surface to breathe. Even this occurs only infrequently. Large specimens are said to be able to make do with one breath every fifteen minutes or so. They have a definite preference, too, for muddy water, so that they are seldom seen even in rivers where they are known to be quite common.

The manatee's body is shaped like a rather fat cigar, and ends in a wide horizontal rounded tail. Hind limbs have been lost altogether, and the hip girdle reduced to a vestige. The fore limbs are modified as flippers, which still have the nails that graced ancestral fingers. When it does move the manatee either drives itself slowly forward by an up-and-down movement of its tail, or turns its flippers downwards and "walks" on their tips along the bottom. Sometimes both methods are combined. If stranded on the shore by storms the manatee is almost completely helpless, since it is unable to wriggle sufficiently to slide down into the water. The dugong looks very much like the manatee, but its tail is forked.

Full-grown manatees average eight to nine feet in length and weigh about four hundredweight. Exceptional individuals of up to fifteen feet long and half a ton in weight have been recorded.

The manatee's head is singularly lacking in features. Its eyes are so small that you have to look carefully to detect them, while the ear openings are minute and entirely devoid of any surface flaps. The two nostrils near the tip of the blunt fat snout remain closed except when the creature comes to the surface to breathe.

The snout ends in a large, thick mobile upper lip which is specially modified for browsing, and can be protruded or retracted. It is divided down the centre into a right and a left half like a hare-lip, and the surfaces are well supplied with stiff bristles. The two halves can be pressed tightly together. When feeding, the manatee takes a portion of weed between them, presses them together and pulls, the bristles helping to give a firm grip. The whole lip is then retracted, carrying the cropped food into the mouth. Often the flippers are used to push the vegetation towards the lip.

Manatees are essentially tropical creatures and are very sensitive to cold weather. In the waters of the Everglades National Park in Florida they have been observed to herd together in considerable numbers during the winter, seldom stirring except to breathe and very occasionally to eat. It is thought that by such close proximity they may help to keep one another warm. Sometimes during an exceptionally cold

spell many of them die. Along the St. John's River in Northern Florida there is a warm spring with a water temperature of over 70 degrees. Here during cold weather numbers of sea-cows can be seen at the bottom of the crystal clear pools, an exception to their general preference for muddy water.

Both manatees and dugongs are prized for their high-quality meat, which is said to taste like pork, and for the oil that can be obtained from the thick layers of blubber beneath the skin. As a result they have been subjected to considerable commercial exploitation. With their sluggish habits and lack of defence, they have proved easy victims of the fishermen, and everywhere their numbers have been reduced to an alarming extent in the past hundred years or so. In recent times, however, protective legislation has been introduced, in time, one hopes, to save the remaining reduced populations from extinction. In places the penalties are quite severe. In Florida, for example, there is a 500-dollar fine or imprisonment for three months for anyone killing or capturing a manatee without a permit.

At first sight the name *Sirenia*—sirens or mermaids—seems a ludicrous one for such ungainly creatures. It is, however, a reference to the supposed connection between the sea-cows and the mermaid legend. The females suckle their young by assuming an upright position fairly high in the water so that their breasts are above the surface, the babies being held by their mothers' flippers. It has been suggested that when the early mariners saw these sea-cow mothers, probably from some distance away, they mistook them for humans, and came back to Europe with stories of maidens that lived in the sea. It seems likely that Columbus was referring to manatees when he described "three mermaids which came up very high out of the sea; but they were not as beautiful as they had been painted, although to some extent they were like a man in the face."

Sea-cows are very docile creatures, and in captivity they are easily tamed, soon learning to come to the edge of their pool to be fed by hand. There is a colony living in the Botanical Gardens at Georgetown, British Guiana, the members of which will come to the edge of the water to be fed by the public. Grass mowings from the lawns are always tipped into the water, and are promptly gathered up by the manatees.

From fossil records we know that the manatees and dugongs are the last survivors of what was once a larger and more widely distributed group than it is to-day. A third kind of sea-cow, the Northern or Steller sea-cow, became extinct less than 200 years ago, within 30 years of its discovery.

In the early summer of 1741 the great Danish explorer Vitus Bering set sail from the Siberian coast to explore the then uncharted



MANATEE TAKING A PIECE OF CABBAGE IN ITS CLEFT UPPER LIP. When the food is taken, the lip retracts with it into the mouth

sea that now bears his name. By July he had discovered Alaska. On the homeward journey he decided to explore farther to the south, and before long the little vessel was completely lost among the treacherous channels of the Aleutian Islands. For some weeks they sailed aimlessly about among an apparently endless maze of island channels, unable to locate or regain the open sea. Most of the crew were now suffering from acute attacks of scurvy, and Bering himself was seriously ill.

Shipwreck was a constant fear, and eventually it came, the little ship being cast up and destroyed on a lonely uninhabited island. Bering was carried ashore with only a few weeks to live, and the island was named after him. With winter fast approaching, the survivors' chief concern was to find enough food to keep them going while they set about building another vessel which they hoped might carry them home the following spring.

These unfortunate mariners were the first white men to see a remarkable trio of animals, and news of their discoveries when they eventually reached home was to lead to one of the most astonishing chapters in the whole history of fur trading. For two of these animals were the sea-otter or sea-beaver as the Russians called it—the animal with a finer pelt than any other living creature—and the fur-seal. How vast populations of these two creatures were reduced almost to the point of extinction by ruthless commercial exploitation, and were just saved in modern times by the most rigorous protection, is another story. Here it is the third animal that interests us, the giant sea-cow.

Bering had taken with him a German

zoologist, George Wilhelm Steller, who wrote a complete report on this amazing animal and its habits. Steller's sea-cow really was a giant, 25 to 30 feet long and with a weight of up to four tons. Steller was at a loss to place it, because he was apparently ignorant of the existence of dugongs and manatees. It was therefore a complete mystery to him, and he could only report that it was not a whale and not a seal, leaving others to determine its place in the animal kingdom.

In structure and habits this giant sea-cow was very similar to the manatees and dugongs, and being very easy to catch it provided the marooned sailors with a plentiful supply of meat. When the Aleutian fur trade began in earnest a few years later the sea-cow continued to be a main source of meat for the hunters while they were on the island, with the result that by 1770 the last one had been killed.

No other naturalist had visited Bering Island in the intervening years, so Steller's account is the only one we have of this remarkable animal. For a long time many zoologists were inclined to doubt whether it had ever existed, suspecting it might have been a product of Steller's imagination. All doubt was settled, though, when in 1883 an American scientist, Dr. Stejneger, paid a visit to Bering Island and was able to collect a number of skeletons. These not only proved the earlier existence of the sea-cow, but confirmed Steller's estimate of its size.

Nevertheless the Northern sea-cow remains a mystery. Where did it originate, and why when it was discovered was it confined around the shores of one small island? Why, too, was it found so far north in such a cold climate, when sea-cows as a group seem to be essentially tropical animals? These questions will in all probability never be answered. Steller's sea-cow could have been a survivor from a remote past when the Aleutian Islands and Alaska basked in sub-tropical sunshine. Surely in any case it must have been much more widespread at one time. One can only assume that the Bering Island population represented the last remnants of the species, extinction having overtaken it elsewhere some time before. That this particular population had not subsequently recolonised the coasts of other island groups is understandable. Sea-cows do not venture far from the shore, and in this area in particular, infested as it is with killer whales, any individuals that took to the open seas would stand little chance of surviving.



FLIPPER OF A MANATEE, SHOWING THE VESTIGIAL NAILS. Manatees are virtually helpless on land and swim no more than they have to

TALKING ABOUT SALE-ROOMS

NEW INTEREST IN 18th-CENTURY MINIATURES

By FRANK DAVIS

THERE must be an enormous number of miniatures in existence, especially 18th-century miniatures. The population was growing, material standards were rising, photography was as yet unknown and human nature, as to day, liked to possess likenesses of its nearest and dearest. A miniature was the answer for anyone whose circumstances did not allow him to demand a fine full-length from Reynolds or Gainsborough, and even those who were in that fortunate position would welcome something small and jewel-like and intimate which could be carried around. No one can tell what was the output of a successful, busy practitioner during a working life of thirty or forty years: should one guess an average of fifty a year, or a hundred? And, as miniature painters towards the latter part of the century—the good, the bad and the indifferent—were legion, their surviving work must run into many thousands.

It was evidently the thing to patronise the better-known miniaturists fairly early in the century, for George Vertue notes that soon after the young C. F. Zincke arrived in London from Dresden in 1706 he had more persons of distinction sitting for him than any painter living, and as late as 1740 a long satirical poem in the *Gentleman's Magazine* bears witness to his reputation. I quote a brief extract:

*Juno descended from above,
With Pallas and the Queen of Love;
Up before twelve, with much ado,
Supp'd nectar, and got drest by two;
Took hackney-coach, and went incog'
(A thing with ladies much in vogue)
To visit Zink.*



1.—SIX EXAMPLES OF 18th-CENTURY MINIATURE PAINTING, WHICH IS COMING INTO FAVOUR AGAIN AFTER A PERIOD OF NEGLECT BETWEEN THE WARS. A, B and F, by George Engleheart (1750-1829), 120 gns., 90 gns. and 75 gns.; C, by Jeremiah Meyer, 95 gns.; D and E, by John Smart, 200 gns. and 1,000 gns.

The painter is then described as a reincarnation of Apelles, or better, and produces a painting which each of the three goddesses recognises as her own portrait—and very cross they are. Not very inspired verse perhaps, but evidence enough of the social significance of miniatures.

If my memory is not at fault, one heard very little about miniatures during the years between the wars—about 18th-century miniatures that is, for Holbein, Isaac Oliver or Nicolas Hilliard are in a different category. Perhaps there had been too much talk about them previously; perhaps, too, some of the run-of-the-mill performers had been overpraised. Then, in 1956, people were surprised to read one morning that a miniature by John Smart had been sold at Christie's for 500 guineas. Was this a mere market aberration, two buyers, joyfully climbing up a ladder till one grew tired, or did it imply a lasting renewal of interest?

One answer came last October, when another Smart changed hands at 900 guineas, a third sold for 720 guineas in November, and now a fourth, on February 18, has registered 1,000 guineas, from which it may be deduced that the reputation of John Smart is growing. I hasten to add that to produce such a price a John Smart miniature has to be very much above the ordinary. At his best he seems to me extraordinarily attractive, not overmuch given to excessive flattery (the besetting sin of successful portrait painters), and perhaps better with men and children than with women. Certainly he has caught the quizzical expression of little Marianne Capper (Fig. 1 E) with uncommon understanding. This is signed and dated 1788, and is enclosed in a double pearl border with a gold frame.

This, then, is the thousand-guineas John Smart: it will be long remembered, and it will be interesting to see how the market reacts if and when another John Smart miniature of similar quality appears in the auction room. We may have to wait a long time. I remember making the same comment last October when 900 guineas was paid for a no less attractive portrait of a man in a green coat. What happens, of course, is that, as soon as people realise that the work of a particular painter, hitherto not specially favoured, is in demand, they begin to look at their possessions with fresh eyes and discover virtues in them they had not previously recognised.



2.—VARIED MINIATURES. A, Napoleon, by Isabey, 52 gns.; B, an officer, and C, Sir John Hope, Bart., by George Engleheart, 80 gns. and 48 gns.; D, Mr. Hanway, by Andrew Plimer, 90 gns.



A

B

—“A REVEALING CONTRAST OF STYLES.” A, by C. F. Zincke (about 1720-30), 30 gns.; B, by Henry Edridge (1790), 46 gns.

Smart came up to London from Norwich, came well known during the 1770s and in 1785 sailed to India, where he spent the next years very much in demand. Lest anyone could imagine that a thousand guineas is from low on the standard price for anything from his hand, herewith (Fig. 1 D) another miniature by him which came up in the same Christie's sale—man in a blue coat with white waistcoat and cravat and with powdered hair, also signed and dated 1788. This realised 200 guineas.

Of the remaining four miniatures in this group, three are by George Engleheart (Fig. 1 A, C and F) and the fourth (B) by Jeremiah Meyer. Each of these two men was well known in his day, and each worked like a beaver. Engleheart (1750-1829) exhibited regularly at the Royal Academy from 1773 to 1822. Prices at this sale were: A, 120 gns.; B, 90 gns.; F, 75 gns. Jeremiah Meyer, R.A., came over with his father from Germany in 1749, and was in due time described as “the first miniature painter in Europe”—an estimate of his talent which does not meet with wholehearted approval to-day. But there is no doubt about the esteem in which he was held. John Singleton Copley, writing from New York, speaks of a miniature by him of Governor Martin which cost 30 guineas “and I think it worth the money. The Govr says he paid at least fifty times for it.” The boy's portrait (Fig. 1 C) realised 95 guineas.

The two miniatures of Fig. 3 provide a revealing contrast of styles between the brilliant enamel technique of C. F. Zincke, presumably, by the dress, about the 1720s or '30s, and the much looser handling and pretty winsomeness

of the Henry Edridge, A.R.A., portrait, signed and dated 1790. The former made 30 guineas, the latter 46 gns. Edridge's pencil and water-colour portraits are less rare than his miniatures.

Also from the same sale are the four miniatures of Fig. 2. A is a not over-subtle portrait of the Emperor Napoleon ascribed to Isabey, 52 guineas. B and C are both by George Engleheart. One is a portrait of an officer of the 12th Foot (Royal Suffolk Regiment) in scarlet uniform with yellow facings, the back of the gold frame set with plaited hair and mounted with two monograms in seed pearls, G.D. and E.F., a lovers' keepsake which surely the most flinty-hearted modern miss might find touching; this cost 80 guineas. The other, the portrait of the handsome civilian, a trifle self-conscious perhaps of his good looks, made 48 guineas. The sitter was Sir John Hope, Bart., M.P.

Fig. 2 D, catalogued as a portrait of Mr. Hanway by Andrew Plimer, in brown coat, white cravat and powdered hair in a diamond-bordered gold frame, made 90 guineas. Andrew Plimer (1763-1837), brother of Nathaniel, also a miniaturist, began in an unusual manner, first by spending two years travelling about with gypsies, and then by becoming little Cosway's servant, when he picked up the essentials of the craft.

Of all the miniaturists of his generation, Richard Cosway (1742-1821) was the most successful both socially and financially; he was bantam-sized, eccentric and foppish, and had a great flair for publicity. He moved in the best circles, was a friend of the Prince of Wales and

received the rare compliment from the French King of a present of a set of four Gobelins tapestries, which, it is said, he gave to the Prince.

Despite his immense reputation, we are liable to find much of his work a trifle insipid compared with that of his less praised contemporaries of the calibre of John Smart. None the less, there are dignity and fine handling in his portrait of a man in blue coat and bright red collar in a garnet-bordered frame which made £155 at Sotheby's on February 13 (Fig. 5 A).

The other four shown in Figs. 4 and 5, all in the same sale and well worth careful study, are as follows: The charming little boy (Fig. 4 A) is by the pupil of David and of Isabey, H. J. Hesse (1781-1849), who painted in both Paris and Berlin and whose work is not often seen in English collections. It is signed and dated 1803 (£85). Fig. 4 B is another John Smart, signed and dated 1782, of a young woman in a light blue dress: I thought it beautifully done, though perhaps lacking the superlatively fine handling of some other Smarts, but none the less a great bargain at £120. The beauty who is decidedly conscious of her charms in Fig. 5 B, with pearls in her hair and corsage, is by Horace Hone, signed and dated 1785. Hone migrated to Dublin in 1782 and established a flourishing practice there, returning to London in 1804. This went for £110.

To conclude these miniatures, all enchanting little gems in their several ways, there is the young officer in the red uniform with the blue facings by Samuel Shelley (about 1750-1808) (Fig. 5 C). He was bought for £90.



A

B

4.—MINIATURES OF A BOY AND A YOUNG WOMAN. A, by H. J. Hesse, £85; B, by John Smart, “a great bargain at £120”



A

B

C

5.—“ENCHANTING LITTLE GEMS IN THEIR SEVERAL WAYS.” A, by Richard Cosway, the most successful miniaturist of his day, £155; B, by Horace Hone (1785), £110; C, by Samuel Shelley, £90

MILLING IN THE SHETLANDS

By E. M. GARDNER

EXCEPT in a few places, milling has ceased in the Shetland Islands. Yet there is more evidence of the way in which the craft has been carried on there, over the centuries, than in any other part of the British Isles. Omitting the saddle quern, which is a museum piece, there are, outside every farm and even in the gardens of some of the new council houses, in Lerwick and elsewhere, "knockin' stanes" and rotary hand querns, whose use in the home is still remembered by middle-aged people.

The "knockin' stane" was an early form of pestle and mortar, with both parts made of stone, and it needed considerable strength to manipulate (Fig. 1). The hand quern, which did not entirely supersede it, was easier to use but more of a job for a man than for a woman. Fig. 2 shows one of them in use. The stones stand on a table surrounded by a frame, through which the spindle passes and rests on a beam below. The crofter is turning the top stone with his right hand by means of a peg or handle fixed into it. His left hand is free to feed the grain into the eye of the stone. After being ground the grain will fall out from between the upper and lower millstones into the frame, to be gathered up with a brush.

From the hand quern with rotary movement it was but a short step to the quern worked by water power, the wheel performing the same function from below as the hand and peg did from above. These little mills, sometimes called Norse mills, are well known to archæologists, but are almost unknown to the fishermen and bird-watchers who visit the Islands. At one

time they were very numerous. Sir Walter Scott, writing in his diary in 1814, numbered them at 500. It would probably not be difficult at the present time to trace the remains of at least 10 per cent. of them.

The mechanism of these little mills is extremely simple. A small building, usually about 15 feet by 6 or 8 feet, is divided into two floors known as "the upper and the lower hoos." At the lower end of a vertical shaft, about 4 feet in length resting on a wooden sill on the bed of

the stream, is the embryonic water wheel known as the *tivl*. This lies parallel to the bottom of the brook and has eight or more wooden blades slotted into the shaft at an angle (Fig. 3). The water, directed from above along a shute or channel, strikes against the blades and provides the power that turns the wheel. At the other end of the shaft, in the "upper hoos," lie the millstones, the lower one fixed and the upper one fastened to the shaft and rotating with it. Above the upper stone, suspended by ropes to



1.—THE "KNOCKIN' STANE." A form of pestle and mortar; it required considerable strength to manipulate. (Right) 2.—THE HAND QUERN IN USE. "More of a job for a man than for a woman"



3.—THE "LOWER HOOS" OF A NORSE MILL. The water wheel rests on a wooden sill on the bed of the stream. (Right) 4.—THE "UPPER HOOS" OF THE MILL. The upper stone is fixed to the shaft and rotates with the water wheel



5.—A MILL IN NORTHERN PORTUGAL. This mill, near Moncao, is similar to a Norse mill, but has a more elaborate water channel. The design may have reached Scotland from the Mediterranean via Ireland or Scandinavia. (Right) 6.—THREE SHETLAND MILLS. "Because they required very little water, many were built along the same stream"

the roof rafters, is the hopper, with a small shoe to carry the grain to the eye of the upper stone (Fig. 4). A piece of wood known as the clapper, moved by the rough surface of the rotating stone, strikes against the shoe to keep the grain moving. Surrounding the whole is a low wooden frame to retain the meal as it comes from between the stones. It will thus be seen that the watermill resembles in almost every respect the rotary hand quern.

These little mills were made and used by men who are still in their fifties. At Troswick in Dunrossness the farmer works his mill every year at harvest time for himself and his neighbours. Although some were built within recent years the Shetland mills are believed to have a long history. Dr. E. Cecil Curwen, in *Antiquity* Vol. 18, suggests that they may have been known in the Mediterranean in 65 B.C. and traces their distribution along the two ancient trade routes, eastwards to Persia and westwards to Spain



8.—19th-CENTURY MILL AT WEISDALE. A number of large commercial mills were built in Shetland during the century, but only one is now used for milling



7.—A MILL BY THE SEA. The site had the advantage of being accessible by boat

and from there, via Ireland and Scandinavia to the Shetlands, Orkneys and the north of Scotland. In Portugal the same type of mill, with a more elaborate water channel, can be found to-day (Fig. 5).

The power developed by these small wheels was not great. A crofter could tip his sack of grain into the hopper and go away for several hours before returning to collect his meal. Built co-operatively they were used by several families; and because they required very little water they did not interfere with one another and many were built along the same stream (Fig. 6). On Spiggie Burn in Dunrossness, there are the ruins of ten within the length of 300 yards; and at Troswick, nine within an even shorter distance. Many were built by the sea where they could be reached by boat (Fig. 7).

Very little corn was grown in Shetland; corn and even bread were imported. The "mechanised quern" was adequate for the people's needs. It is surprising therefore to find that during the 19th century four or five large commercial mills, with the well-known

vertical wheel, were built. One of these is still used by its owner for his farm, but the others have all ceased. The finest of them, the mill at Weisdale, stopped working about 1920 (Fig. 8). The profit in its last year is said to have been 12s. It is now used as a slaughter-house and shop by a butcher.

In addition to the causes that have led to the decline of water milling everywhere, two factors have had their influence in Shetland. One is the decline in the cultivation of oats, which are now readily obtainable from the grocer; the other is the increased demand for unmilled grain with the growth of poultry farming.

In Orkney, where the Norse mills were once as numerous as in Shetland, only one remains, the Click Mill of Dounby. It has been put into repair and kept in working order by the Ministry of Works. It is to be hoped that one at least of the little mills of Shetland may be similarly rescued. At Huxter in Sandness there is one, unused but in perfect order, waiting to be adopted at once with little expense.

GARDENING WITHOUT DRUDGERY

Written and Illustrated by MICHAEL HAWORTH-BOOTH

A SUCCESSFUL garden is, I believe, one where the pleasure derived from it manifestly outweighs any distasteful work entailed. To plan such a garden is not at all difficult provided that modern techniques are exploited to the full. The most important thing is to cut out all drudgery ruthlessly.

For most of us lawn-mowing is a tedious chore that is best done by a contractor. Many enterprising firms cut lawns and edges better and much more economically than they can be done by individually hired labour. Thoughtful reshaping of lawns so as to cut out right-angled corners and other time-wasting features of no ornamental value is well repaid if this is done before the contract figure is estimated for.

With the lawns off our hands, so to speak, we can be free to do the more pleasant tasks ourselves. Weeding can be a horrible job, as with massed weeds in stodgy dense soil, or quite a pleasure, as with the occasional very lush weeds lightly anchored in ground kept well mulched with bracken and fallen leaves.

Of course, it is quite possible to design a garden where no work whatever is done and, indeed, I keep a twenty-year-old model of this type; but gardening work of the right type for one's own particular physical powers is such healthful and satisfying exercise that I think that it is a mistake to have all of the ground arranged so that no work is needed at all.

Many fail to garden happily simply through not being properly dressed and equipped for the job. Long trousers with turned up ends are quite unsuitable for outdoor work, as they get filled with earth and are soon sodden and ruined. Knickerbockers of stout whipcord strapped below the knees on to woollen stockings are far more comfortable and practical. They should be reasonably loose fitting and kept up by braces. Modern tightly belted trousers are extremely uncomfortable to work in outdoors, as they make one too hot round the waist.

As for equipment, the best weeding tool is a light garden fork weighing only about three pounds. With this weeds can be quickly shaken free of soil and clods broken up without straining the muscles of the arms and shoulders and without excessive stooping, which is hard on the back.

For trimming close-boskage beds, and clipping heaths and helianthemums, ordinary sheep shears are best, as these require only one hand, leaving the other free to manipulate the plants. The garden varieties of broom and also of *Spartium junceum* cannot be easily clipped with any type of shears that I know, but yield to well-aimed swipes with a grass-hook. The



THE AUTHOR'S LABOUR-SAVING GARDEN IN SURREY. The gardener, he says, can reduce the unpleasant aspects of gardening to a minimum by careful planning and choice of tools

best type of this handy tool has a swan neck to which is riveted a sheet steel blade. If the underside of this is sharpened with a flat file, a very keen edge is obtained which will last for a whole morning's work. For minor snipping and pruning, a pair of small-sized anvil-type sécateurs is indispensable; they are best kept in a spectacle case of the sheath pattern to prevent them from damaging one's pockets.

When transplanting shrubs I find it best to have two spades, a large fork and a stout sack. The spade used to dig up the bush is a large one with the metal part of the shaft extending right up to the handle so that full leverage can be used without fear of breaking the shaft. The bush is then lifted on to the sack with the large fork. The new hole is dug with the other spade, a small light type weighing about four pounds. The plant is carried over to its new position on the sack and planted with the smaller spade, which enables this work to be done much more deftly than with a large heavy spade.

A more extensive planting programme will call for another useful tool. Several dozen

planting holes may have been prepared by taking out the top foot of soil over an area four feet square for each shrub. In practice it is easiest to tease out all the weeds from the excavated soil with the fork as one returns this to the holes, but if the soil is clean it is much less laborious to pull it back with a half-mattock. This invaluable tool is the counterpart of the unique British spade in foreign lands. It is just a long handle with a spade-like blade fixed on the end at a right angle. In the West Country it is in common use and is available in commerce. Needless to say the effort required merely to pull a spadeful of soil along is very much less than that required to lift a spadeful off the ground. The amateur gardener whose muscles are not conditioned by daily labour is naturally appreciative of such a substantial economy of effort.

With such aids as these one may look forward to pleasurable light exercise in the garden rather than dread the drudgery entailed by copying the methods suitable for hired labour.

THE TERROR OF SOCKETING

A Golf Commentary by P. A. WARD-THOMAS

THE transition from ecstasy to despair can be cruelly sharp and unexpected in most games. The bloom of a great innings may be destroyed by a second's lapse of concentration on the part of a batsman; the Rugby player may have the line and victory at his mercy and then drop a simple pass; a jockey, with the Grand National and a lifetime's ambition only a few yards away, knew the agony of frustration as Devon Loch sank beneath him. The hunter and the fisherman, too, know the swiftness with which triumph can turn to failure, but of all sports the most provocative must be golf, because the responsibility is the player's alone. No bowler is there to confound him, no opponent is striving to tackle, no horse can fail him and no temperamental fox or fish can tease him. The golfer is alone, his medium is inanimate and the measure of his success or failure is the exact measure of his own ability. There is no one to blame but himself, though heaven knows golfers are as ingenious as anyone else in their endeavours to prove the contrary.

One of the most insidious refinements, and certainly the most humiliating, of the various tortures from which golfers suffer is the disease known as socketing. No other stroke can so undermine the confidence and reduce a good

round to ashes so swiftly. No other stroke is so universally feared. It chooses its victims with rare impartiality, for the socket is by no means a rabbit's stroke. In fact it usually attacks those with some technical ability, and the man who approaches with a horrid little scoop or half-top little realises how grateful the socketer often would be for one of those in exchange.

It is ridiculous that a man can drive long and straight, hit his woods and irons quite confidently through the green and then be reduced to a tremulous wreck when faced with a straight-forward little pitch. It is usually the easy shots which produce the socket because the player, in his anxiety to steer the stroke, probably fails to take the club back far enough or to hit through the ball. The result is an exaggerated roll of the wrists which shuts the face of the club completely and pulls the right arm away from the body and the clubhead outside the line of flight. Other symptoms are the weight falling forward on the downswing or excessive forward pressure on the shaft of the club, which brings the hands too far in front of the ball.

Golf is full of tips and hints to prevent this, check that or cure the other and the socketer will find no shortage of advice. Usually they act

because the player believes that they will, but almost invariably the effect is only temporary. As soon as the process becomes automatic then other influences are free to begin their destructive work. Thus it is with socketing. The familiar remedies—stand closer to the ball, sit down on the shot, grip the club loosely, hit with the right hand and all the rest—often bring immediate relief and may even effect quite a lasting cure. But the chronic victim of socketing can never be quite certain. There is no ready cure for the fear and over-anxiety which are the basic causes of his complaint. A man cannot suddenly be unafraid and confident when his senses are trembling with apprehension. Perhaps caddies trained in hypnotism might help, but to be put under and brought round every time a promising socketing situation arose would be somewhat wearing to oneself and one's companions.

I write from an unenviable experience of these things, for down the years there has been much furtive removal of tell-tale white marks, not only from my short irons but, shamefully, from medium and long as well. I recall a time in the West Country several autumns ago. For some weeks the little shots had flown reasonably

straight, and then from nowhere the socket struck. It always seems to creep up on one at the most unlikely and unwanted moments. A golden morning at Saunton was almost ruined; the matchless setting of St. Enodoc lost its charms in a fury of socketing and by Westward of hope had almost gone. But in the depths of despair there came a gleam of light. Had not one of the greatest of all once been a victim?

Within the hour J. H. Taylor had confirmed what had seemed an almost blasphemous thought, and even now I can hear him saying: "Hand me that mashie iron"; as I did so he said: "I was considered the master of that club, and for some time I socketed with it." Humbly I asked how this could be and how could I be cured. "Get your weight back on your heels," cried the old man, almost pushing me over in his emphasis. "Sit down on the shot, keep the right bow into the side, hit through the ball and you

will never socket." Hope and confidence flooded back and soon I hastened gratefully away to spread the tidings. The next morning the sun, the sky, the larks and the sweet loneliness of the links had regained their meaning. Never again, I thought, as shot after shot left the approximate centre of the club; the socket is behind me for ever. The appalling optimism of this thought was not brought home for some time. While confidence lasted one was safe, and then inevitably came the day when the ball lay a little tight and one was standing slightly above it. The unspeakable thought sprang unbidden to mind and the unspeakable stroke followed.

The awful thing about socketing is its unexpectedness. Suddenly, perhaps after months of relief, the traitorous thought: "I might socket this one" comes to mind. Or a malicious

opponent may whisper the dreaded word, as one distinguished lady golfer did with disastrous effect one morning at Deal. On occasions like this the mind turns prayerfully to the preventives, but as anxiety mounts so does the body fail to respond to instructions. The weight is thrust back on the heels, the right elbow is tucked in and the club held loosely, but by now the wretched mind is astir with inhibitions. In the desire to get the shot over one is undone and there is the ball hurtling knee high to cover-point.

The socket is especially cruel, for invariably it costs more than one stroke. Even if recovery be possible the mind by then is perfectly conditioned to socket again. From visualising a pretty pitch nestling by the hole, with a possible putt for a three, one is condemned in a trice to struggling desperately for a five or worse. And the whole performance is so ignominious.

CORRESPONDENCE

NEW BUILDINGS ON THE BACKS

SIR,—If those who are sponsoring the design for the proposed new building at Queens' College, Cambridge, are under the impression that this sort of architecture has a universal appeal to the younger generation, they are greatly mistaken.

Writing as one of that generation would assure you, Sir, that many of us are sick of this cant about "the contemporary style." It is no criterion of architectural merit that a building should conform to the latest fashion: what we would like to see is some evidence of real architectural quality and beauty, for the defect of much contemporary building is that it is a lestitute of either.

Even worse than the endless repetition of structural clichés and jejune novelties is its nullity of expression. For even in the Backs at Cambridge, as lovely a setting as could be found, it cannot rise above the architecture of the new towns.

This, we are told, is that exciting "architecture of our own time." Is it not rather pitiful and deadly?—F. A. WARD, 9, Carlyle-square, London, S.W.3.

A FACE AT THE WINDOW

SIR,—In a letter in COUNTRY LIFE (February 20) Mr. Maurice Whitelegge asked for a remedy for sparrows building under the eaves. May I pass on to you a simple and, from my experience, completely effective remedy?

I noticed last spring that sparrows had started to build under the eaves at the corner of my window and, while I stood in the window, they did not fly to the nest, but as soon as I moved away they did. I decided there and then that a face at the window

was the solution. I fortunately had a witch's mask handy which I had used for a fancy-dress party; I duly tied this to the window just under where the sparrows were building. I can assure you that it has definitely kept them away. Needless to say, I still keep the mask in the window.

Such masks can be bought at any children's toy shop or from any firm which supplies fancy-dress outfits. The brightest coloured are the best, as the masks fade with the sun. Mine cost 1s. 6d., so they are not an expensive or messy cure.—E. T. (Mrs.), 50, Sandringham-crescent, Leeds, 17.

ROLLING RAILWAY PLATFORMS

SIR,—The letter from Mr. Buncombe (February 13) regarding the combined level-crossing gates and platforms at Halesworth, Suffolk, reminds me that there used to be unusual movable cross-platforms at Paddington between 45 and 50 years ago.

At that time the main-line platforms were of wood, and cross-platforms used to slide or roll out from under them, at right angles—I think they were on wheels—and link them to their neighbours, by what were in effect cross bridges, about half way down the length of the platforms. Unless my memory is at fault, such a movable platform slid out opposite the clock on platform No. 1.

When the station or sections of the station were clear of trains, this ingenious device enabled porters to take luggage across to cabs and carriages waiting on the arrival roadway, without having to trundle their luggage trolleys down to the end of the platform and past the barriers.—EDWARD H. PINTO, Oxhey Woods House, Oxhey Drive, near Northwood, Middlesex.

ZOO'S OLDEST BUILDING

SIR,—The London Zoological Gardens are being modernised at an estimated cost of £1 million. Certain buildings, such as the clock tower shown in the accompanying photograph, are to be preserved because of their historic interest, and they will be part of the new London Zoo.

Can you tell me what historic interest is attached to this clock tower?—K. A. CROSS, 68, Scarsdale Villas, Kensington, W.8.

[We understand that the clock tower is being preserved as it is the oldest existing building at the Zoo. The Gardens opened in 1828, and the tower was built in 1830 to a design by Decimus Burton; it was damaged during the war, but has been reconstructed to its original appearance. The building below the tower was the Zoo's first camel-house.—ED.]



THE CLOCK TOWER AT THE LONDON ZOO, WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1830 AND IS THE OLDEST BUILDING IN THE GARDENS

See letter: Zoo's Oldest Building

WATERFALL IN REVERSE

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a most unusual occurrence—a waterfall going backwards.

My friend and I were motoring across the bleak Yorkshire moors on our way to Haworth when we noticed, high up on the hillside, what appeared to be smoke pouring from a rock face. As it was raining heavily at the time we found it hard to believe that there could be a fire. I stopped the car and we got out. We still could not decide what the thing was, but there was such an odd look about it that I got my camera and we struggled up the hill through the rain and a gale-force wind.

We then realised that this wind was bearing up the rock face and turning back a small waterfall. The odd thing was that, in the fifteen minutes or so that we were there, there was no variation in the thrust of the wind. The backward sweep of the water remained absolutely constant. This could only mean that more and more water was accumulating above. An odd state of affairs, to say the least.—G. C. CROFT, 112, Railway-street, Nelson, Lancashire.

BABY CHAMELEONS IN THE GARDEN

SIR,—I was interested in Mr. Dudley d'Ewes's article, *A Chameleon in the Garden* (January 2). In our garden there are many chameleons of varying sizes and markings, and we are fortunate enough to find babies quite frequently.

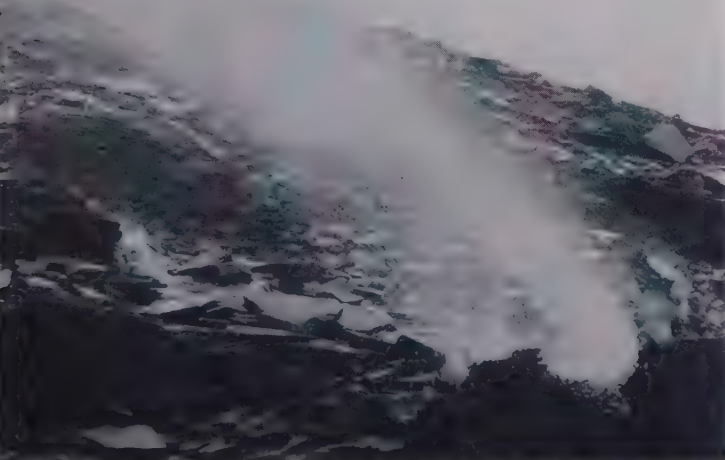
A few years ago we were sitting on the lawn under the shade of a large syringa tree when I noticed a baby chameleon walking in its slow deliberate way along the top bar of the garden bench. It was scarcely an inch long and of an indeterminate colour, rather like the bark of a tree, and with no visible markings at all. We removed it carefully to a bush of honeysuckle about 30 ft. away.

Ten minutes later a second baby chameleon appeared at the identical spot on the bench where we had found the first one. This too we removed to the honeysuckle, placing it near the first one. Imagine our amazement when we found a third, fourth and fifth at ten-minute intervals on the same spot.

We could only suppose that the mother chameleon was in the branches of the tree immediately above the bench, but no amount of searching could discover her.—GWYNEDD TODD, Trehane, Plumstead, Cape Province, South Africa.

MAKING THE MOST OF IRIS STYLOSA

SIR,—With reference to my letter about *Iris stylosa* (January 23), several of your readers want to know if I cut the leaves and pull the flowers, and claim that they get more and better results by doing so. I do neither, but have tried both. It is surely not the cutting or pulling that makes them grow early in quantity, but the vagaries of the weather. This is proved by plants other than iris that have given us precocious flowers right out



WATERFALL BLOWN BACKWARDS BY A GALE-FORCE WIND ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS

See letter: Waterfall in Reverse

of season, like chaenomeles and forsythia.

At the end of March or in early April I spend a day removing all dead leaves low down: these are two or three feet long. I trim all damaged foliage with scissors, removing the worst, and give the plant a good drink. The flowers are usually six or seven inches long, showing blue when I cut them with scissors. Warmth and a meagre diet are essential.—R. RUSSELL, 14, St. Andrew's-avenue, Windsor, Berkshire.

TOBACCO BYGONES

SIR,—I was interested to read Mrs. Jones's letter on tobacco bygones (January 23) and to see the photograph of the old brass tobacco box. I have one of these old boxes, with the springs still in working order and with the name of the inn on it, "Railford Arms Hotel, Cirencester," rather indistinct now, owing to much cleaning, but still legible.

My husband always said that these tobacco boxes were in the old coaching inns. A penny in the slot releases the spring to open the first half of the box, inside which is another spring to open the other half where the twists of tobacco were kept. Each twist was enough for the clay pipes then used. — B., Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset.

SOME ANCIENT TREES

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Haddfield's article of November 21, 1957, incorporating a charming picture of the Bacton, Herefordshire, churchyard yew, it may interest him and others who know the district that our church council decided to have it supported by chains after a severe gale had damaged a conifer to the north-west of it. But it would seem from the article that its mode of growth would enable it to withstand much buffeting.

Another article on trees mentioned specimens of Lucombe oaks, one of which had been planted in the churchyard of Luccombe, near Minehead. During my residence there it was much visited by tree-lovers, so it was with surprise that the news of its death was conveyed to me by Mr. Ward, of Rodhuish. My wife and I saw the gaunt decaying timber of the famous tree last June. I much hope that either at Killerton or Sprydoncote in Devon there is another specimen still alive.—H. G. PICKARD, The Rectory, Abbey Dore, Herefordshire.

BRINGING HOME THE CORN IN IRAQ

SIR,—Over large areas of the rain-fed plains of north Iraq the Kurdish villagers are entirely dependent on the annual corn crop. Combine harvesters are beginning to make their appearance, but traditional methods are still largely employed.

Your readers may be interested



KING ALFRED'S TOWER ON THE STOURHEAD ESTATE IN WILTSHIRE. (Right) THE BISHOP'S TOWER ON HONITON HILL, DEVON

See letter: Follies with a Difference



in the enclosed photographs which show how the corn crop is carried to the village. The stepladder-like frame is set up in the field, the corn stacked against it and made firm, the ubiquitous donkey is led beneath, the frame lowered on to its back and the whole carried off to the threshing-floor. The empty frame is returned by donkey to the harvest field.—J. V. THIRGOOD, F.A.O. Mission, Arbil, Iraq.

FOLLIES WITH A DIFFERENCE

SIR,—With reference to Haldon Belvedere, a folly near Exeter, illustrated in your issue of January 30, King Alfred's Tower at Stourhead, Wiltshire, also has a triangular ground plan. The enclosed photograph was taken about five years ago. The tower stands on the highest part of the Stourhead estate, very near the Somerset border. It was built in 1766—a date that may be compared with Haldon's 1788—by Mr. Hoare to mark the spot where Alfred raised his standard some nine centuries earlier. During the second World War the top suffered some damage from an errant Mosquito. This tower can be seen from a great distance and I wonder whether, in exceptional weather, Haldon and

King Alfred's Towers might be visible from each other.

The second photograph shows another West Country folly—the Bishop's Tower on Honiton Hill, Devon. This hodge-podge of Continental campanile and Victorian factory was built rather more than 100 years ago by Dr. Copleston, Bishop of Llandaff, who owned an estate at Offwell, near Honiton. Perhaps some reader can supply more information.—W. J. LAMBOROUGH, Swindon.

IN MEMORY OF A SAILOR

SIR,—Haldon Belvedere closely resembles Severndroog Castle, which surmounts Shooter's Hill, Woolwich, in both architectural design and origin.

Severndroog Castle is triangular and commemorates a sometime famous commodore in the eastern seas. It was erected by the widow of Sir William James, who distinguished himself in annihilating nests of pirates off the coast of Malabar, and it still bears a tablet recording his "Superior Valour and able Conduct."

Many other 18th-century towers were built upon the triangular plan, with corner tower and turrets. Racton Tower, near Chichester, in Sussex, is a typical example; it was erected by

Lord Halifax in 1770 at the then huge cost of over £10,000.

Fortunately both Haldon Belvedere and Severndroog Castle are in excellent condition. The latter is now owned by the London County Council; visitors are permitted to ascend it and enjoy a splendid view of the Metropolis from the south-east. It occupies a prominent position in London's Green Belt, and is surrounded by magnificent public gardens and romantic woodland.—CHARLES QUARRELL, Westgrove-lane, Greenwich, S.E.10.

INDIAN NAME IN YORKSHIRE

SIR,—Recent letters in COUNTRY LIFE have deplored the threat to demolish the Tin Ghaut at Whitby, Yorkshire. Does any reader know how the Tin Ghaut acquired its name? Ghaut or ghat is defined in the *Oxford Dictionary*, with other meanings, as "a passage or flight of steps leading to the river-side," which obviously applies here. Was the Tin Ghaut named long ago by some merchant trading with India, and are there any other examples of the name in British sea-ports?—F. GRAHAM, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

A DUPLICATE BY SANT?

SIR,—In an article on the picture gallery at Somerley, Hampshire, in your issue of January 30, 1958, it is stated "Victoriana include an Infant Samuel, by Sant," and there is a photograph of paintings on the west wall which includes this picture.

I have in my possession an oil painting which was sold by Christie's in 1918 under the description of *The Infant Samuel*, by J. Sant, R.A. This picture, I understand, came from the collection of the late John Studd. It appears to be very similar to the picture in your photograph, except that no part of the bed is included. The face, clothing and position of the hands are almost identical. Does this mean that Sant painted two pictures of the infant Samuel, or is one a copy of the other? It would be interesting to know how long the picture at Somerley has been in that gallery. The picture that I have was apparently bought at Christie's by a dealer named Hurcombe.

I shall be glad of any information you or your readers can give me on the matter.—HENRY CLAYTON, Whitehall Chambers, 23, Colmore-row, Birmingham, 3.

[No complete list of the many hundreds of paintings executed by James Sant, R.A., has been compiled, and no certain answer to Mr. Clayton's question is possible. From 1840 until almost 1916, the year of his death at the age of 96, his exhibits at the Royal Academy alone numbered well over three hundred. Sant was essentially a portrait painter and was appointed Principal Painter in Ordinary to Queen Victoria in 1878, but he is known to have painted a number of



DONKEY WITH THE FRAMEWORK USED TO CARRY CORN TO THE THRESHING-FLOOR IN NORTH IRAQ. (Right) THE DONKEY UNDER A FULL LOAD

See letter: Bringing Home the Corn in Iraq

Shell guide to LIFE ON THE WALL



Painted by John Leigh Pemberton

When he builds a wall, man creates for living things, in sun and shade, dry and damp, a special rocky habitat always worth exploring. There will be MOSSES (1), lichens, IVY (2) and ferns. Some ferns like the lampter, shadier portions, such as the COMMON SPLEENWORT (3), some the dryer, including RUSTY BACK (4) and WALL RUE (5), which enjoy the lime of the old mortar between the stones. The COMMON SNAIL (6) finds quarters along a wall, our commonest lizard, the VIVIPAROUS LIZARD (7), runs up the warm surface. The very long tailed GREY WAGTAIL (8), actually more yellow than grey and the more abundant PIED WAGTAIL (9) often nest in ivied corners. So does that summer migrant the SPOTTED FLYCATCHER (10), which uses the topmost stone or a gate post for its fly-perch.

Flowers of the wall include PENNYWORT (11), so named from the resemblance of its leaves to the silver pennies of mediaeval England, WALL PEPPER (12), and IVY-LEAVED TOADFLAX (13), a Mediterranean plant which escaped from a physic garden at North Ockenden in Essex, where it was first grown about 1618. Since then it has been spreading around the old walls of Britain.

NOTE: All the items shown in this picture would not, of course, be found in one place at one time.



Shell's series of monthly "NATURE STUDIES: Fossils, Insects and Reptiles", which gave so many people pleasure last year, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 6. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside" and Shell's "NATURE STUDIES: Birds and Beasts" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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landscapes and a few religious subjects. It is very probable that he repeated *The Infant Samuel* with a slight variation, but no evidence of this has been found. He is not known to have been the victim of the copyist, and anyone copying this picture is unlikely to have varied it by omitting the bed. Sant evidently painted a few replicas of the picture at Somerley, one of which is believed to be at the municipal gallery at Bury in Lancashire. The date of the purchase of Sant's *Infant Samuel* is not known; it was not there when Dr. Waagen listed the pictures at Somerley in 1854.—ED.]

5,000-YEAR LEASE

SIR,—Devonian's reference (COUNTRY LIFE, February 6) to the 3,000-year lease of a house in Lostwithiel, Cornwall, is especially interesting to me since I recently acquired three cottages in Slapton, South Devon, the lease of which is for 5,000 years. This is set out on the first deed in existence, a fine parchment (vellum?) indenture, which is heavily sealed and bears a duty stamp of £2.

This indenture measures 31 inches wide by 27 inches deep when opened out and is a beautiful example of penmanship. It is for the "demise of cottages, garden and premises in Slapton, Devon, for 5,000 years from September 29, 1845." There are many other subsequent deeds, also giving the tenure as 5,000 years, three of the earlier ones being also on parchment or vellum, hand-written and sealed.—MONA CURRAN, 33, Park Mansions, 149, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

the combined level-crossing gates and platforms are unique. Another example exists at Saxmundham on the same line, though in this case only a minor road is involved.

Incidentally, the East Suffolk line is of interest as, though laid in relatively flat country, it has gradients worthy of the Highlands. In the days of less powerful locomotives two engines were needed to draw the heavily-loaded holiday trains for Lowestoft and Yarmouth.—F. H. BEARD, Braymead, New Barns, West Malling, Kent.

FRENCH FORM OF ARLES

SIR,—With reference to recent correspondence on the word "arles," two years ago, when I was in Lyons, I saw in a shop window an attractive set of Baccarat glasses. I asked the proprietor of the shop to reserve these for me, which he consented to do, adding: "*Vous allez verser des arrhes, Madame?*"

So this word is still in current use. I have, moreover, seen it once or twice in public notices: "*On est prié de verser des arrhes.*"—MARGARET L. POST (Miss), Grey Rock, Partridge-roa Brockenhurst, Hampshire.

MONEY FROM BEES

SIR,—In your leading article, *Bees and their Secrets* (January 23), you report Dr. Gooding as having revealed that "very few bee-keepers make money from bees." With apologies for questioning so high an authority, I feel bound to protest that this statement does not apply to Ludlow and district.

The majority of apiaries in this

FLUES IN THE FINIALS

SIR,—Local variations of chimneys have resulted in some curious eccentricities, and I am prompted to ask whether any other reader has come across chimneys such as those in the accompanying photograph. They are in the form of obelisk-type finials surmounting the pleasing three-storeyed gatehouse at Bradstone, Devon. It dates from the early 17th century, and the gabled roof, with its pinnacles and weathervane, is more reminiscent of a church tower than of domestic architecture.—CECIL FRENCH, 26, Fairfield-avenue, Whipton, Exeter, Devon.



EARLY-17th-CENTURY GATEHOUSE AT BRADSTONE, DEVON, WITH THE CHIMNEYS IN THE GABLE FINIALS

See letter: *Flues in the Finials*

SKIPPERS ON THE SHORE

SIR,—At dawn on January 5, before the gulls had begun their morning patrol of the beaches, the strange fish of which I enclose a photograph lay at the water's edge near my house in Lowestoft, Suffolk.

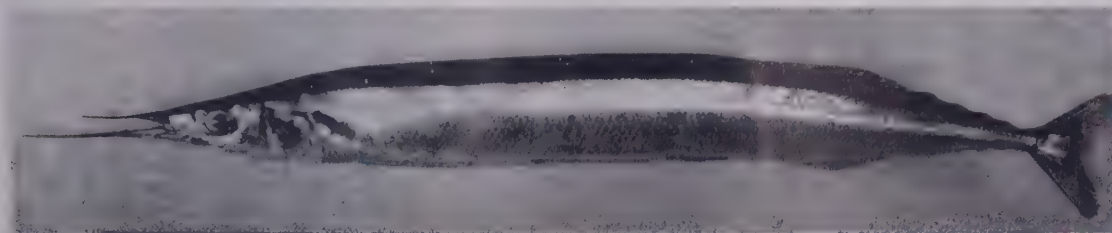
Then in the course of the next two days there were more on the beach all the way from Yarmouth to Southwold. News brought to me from

similar in appearance to the garfish, which so often lies rejected in the débris of our herring market, but is different in that the dorsal surface ends in a series of finlets, whereas the garfish has one continuous fin. They are related to the flying fishes, though they are not equipped with fins modified for planing.

During the last 70 years there have been only two records of this fish in East Anglia.—GEORGE T. ATKINSON, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

CITY OF LONDON'S HIGHEST POINT

SIR,—With reference to the statement in Nicholas Roskill's article on Leadenhall Market (January 23) that Cornhill was the highest point in the City of London, I understand from the engineering department of the Corporation of London that the highest point is at Holborn Bars, which is 66.73 ft. above the sea at ground level, and that the lowest point is at Wheat-sheaf Wharf, Upper Thames-street, which is 13.86 ft. at ground level.—H. V. CARRINGTON, 28, Victoria-street, London, S.W.1.



A SKIPPER, WHICH IS SIMILAR TO THE GARFISH IN APPEARANCE, WASHED UP ON TO THE BEACH AT LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK

See letter: *Skippers on the Shore*

FOR 9,900 YEARS

SIR,—Some time ago on behalf of a client my firm carried through the sale of the freehold reversion of two pieces of land at Manchester, each held on lease for a term of 9,900 years from August 1, 1820.

At the moment we are engaged on behalf of another client in the sale of a similar reversion to an inn at Milford Haven, which is held for a term of 9,932 years from September 29, 1814.—F. NORTH, 7, Cork-street, London, W.1.

CHALK STONE IN CHURCHES

SIR,—Reference was made in a letter of January 16 to the use of Beer stone in Colyton church, Devon. Photographs of Colyton's two stone screens, which appear to be of Beer stone, may be of interest. The Gothic screen, copied from the Lady Chapel in Exeter Cathedral, is later than might be guessed—about 1530. It belongs to the south or Brerewood Chantry Chapel and is mentioned in reference books. The Jacobean screen belongs to the north or Yonge Chapel and is generally unmentioned.

Stone screens of any kind are far from numerous. It would be interesting to know of any other Jacobean stone screen.—WESTCOUNTRYMAN, Somerset.

SWINGING RAILWAY PLATFORMS

SIR,—The photograph of Halesworth, Suffolk, station in your issue of February 13, gave rise to nostalgic memories of many happy holidays in East Suffolk. However, your correspondent is in error in thinking that

district are in the country, including farms and smallholdings, and I can safely assure Dr. Gooding that few of these bee-keepers do not make money from their bees.—CHARLOTTE C. VINE STEVENS (Mrs.), Ryecroft, Richard's Castle, near Ludlow, Shropshire.

Holland told of a similar sprinkling along the shores there.

Reference to Couch's book on fishes left no doubt that these unhappy victims of our northern winter were skippers (*Scomberesox saurus*). The skipper is about a foot long, and is



TUDOR AND (right) JACOBEOAN STONE SCREENS IN COLYTON CHURCH, DEVON, WHICH APPEAR TO BE MADE OF BEER STONE

See letter: *Chalk Stone in Churches*

MOTORING NOTES

A 100 M.P.H. FORD SALOON

THAT there are a considerable number of motorists for whom there is a fascination in getting extra performance from everyday flow-production cars is proved by the number of firms who now specialise in modifying standard cars. Successful modifications not only give higher maximum speed and better acceleration, which so often mean a higher and more effortless cruising speed, but also prove that certain standard cars have a sufficient margin of strength and reliability to withstand a drastic increase in their power output.

One of the most interesting of the conversions available is that produced for the Ford Zephyr by the Engine Development Division of Rumbery Owen, in conjunction with Raymond Mays—the powers behind the Grand Prix B.R.M. Before I describe the actual modifications carried out to obtain an increase in horsepower from the 85 b.h.p. at 4,400 r.p.m. of the standard Ford Zephyr to the 132 b.h.p. of the modified version, it is important to stress that the pistons, connecting rods, crankshaft and bearings are all completely standard Ford parts,

hydraulic dampers to preserve stability at the higher speeds of which the car is capable. Similarly, harder brake linings are fitted—admittedly at the cost of higher pedal pressure—to avoid any danger of brake fade through repeated hard applications from maximum speed.

It is possible that the potential market for a car modified to the extent of this Ford Zephyr is not great, but there must be many motorists who would welcome the opportunity to buy a saloon car capable of over 100 m.p.h. for only a little over £1,000. Borg-Warner overdrive is fitted, arranged to be operative on both top and second gears. The advantages of overdrive, especially from the point of view of reduced wear and tear, are particularly apparent on the modified Ford Zephyr. To obtain 49 m.p.h. on second gear requires 4,500 r.p.m., whereas by using overdrive second gear an engine speed of only 3,000 r.p.m. will give a road speed of 46 m.p.h.

My first experience with the car suggested that it was far from docile, but this impression was largely due to the fact that some jerkiness

By J. EASON GIBSON

offered by the Raymond Mays conversion would be a liability were the basic car of doubtful merit. This cannot be suggested of the Zephyr, as even at the highest speeds of which the car is now capable it remains stable and easily controlled. In spite of the attention obviously given to improving the performance, the gentler aspects of the car's character have not been spoilt. The engine is an eager starter and the choke control can be almost ignored. In view of the startling increase in acceleration and an increase in the maximum speed of approximately 20 m.p.h., the charge of £135 for the Raymond Mays conversion cannot be considered dear. Though it might at first appear that it would be enthusiastic motorists, perhaps interested in competitions, who would be the most interested in the car, reflection suggests that those accustomed to travelling far and fast would find it ideal.

DOUBLE WHITE LINES

ON previous occasions I have remarked on the experiments with double white lines which have been carried out on the Folkestone Road. I pointed out that the lines changed from dotted to solid and vice versa with such apparent lack of reason that one got the impression that they had been sited by someone studying a map rather than by a practically-minded motorist on the spot. I think it had been generally agreed by experienced motorists that the double white lines as displayed on the Folkestone Road were of little value in comparison with those on the Continent.

The other week-end I went to inspect that stretch of the Portsmouth Road between Esher and Ripley where the double white line is now being tried, and it is comforting to be able to report that the Ministry of Transport has obviously learnt from the errors made on the first experimental stretch. I must say that I still find it difficult to understand why the Ministry required a year of badgering from experienced motorists before British efforts approached the system employed on the Continent.

MOTORISTS IN CHAINS

THE opinions of experienced motorists are almost equally divided between those who favour the use of chains on snow and ice and those who argue vehemently against their use. Experience in at least eight Monte Carlo Rallies confirms that it is better to use tyres with an all-weather tread. Admittedly, those who argue against chains base their beliefs on long-distance motoring, where the conditions may vary from deep or hard-packed snow to completely dry main roads. Under such conditions chains can be more trouble than they are worth, as every time a clear road is driven upon the damage to the chains and the tyres becomes a serious problem. On a long trip, say from London to Glasgow, it could easily be necessary to fit and remove the chains several times as, if they are not removed before driving at normal speeds on a dry and clear road, breakage is almost certain. For this reason I would recommend the use of all-weather tyres, with their very pronounced treads, to motorists accustomed to covering long distances during the worst of winter conditions.

Those motorists whose driving is confined to short trips near their homes, especially country dwellers whose driving is done to a great extent on side roads, would, however, be better served by chains. In most cases such motorists will be driving at lower speeds, and in many cases the roads they use will not have been swept clear of snow. My personal opinion is that the skilful driver, even if his motoring is done on snow-covered side roads, will in the end be better served by all-weather tyres. My reason for suggesting this is that with chains there is a tendency for the driver to drive brutally, in the knowledge that the chains will churn him out of difficulty. With all-weather tyres a little more delicacy is required, and that extra effort from the driver will in the end help to keep him out of difficulties.



CONDITIONS IN WHICH MOST MOTORISTS WOULD FIND CHAINS USEFUL

and the most exacting bench-testing has failed to indicate that they are less suitable than would be specially designed parts. In other words, the modifications have all been carried out above the cylinder block.

The modifications devoted to extracting extra power consist of fitting a completely new light-alloy cylinder head, which gives separate inlet ports to each combustion space. A six-port light-alloy inlet manifold is attached to the cylinder head, and through it the mixture is fed from two semi-down draught S.U. carburettors. Two exhaust manifolds are fitted to improve the breathing of the engine still further, each serving three cylinders. The inlet valves fitted are larger than standard, and stronger valve springs are used to allow higher engine speeds to be maintained. Two hollow wells are cast in the base of the inlet manifold, which are in direct contact with the exhaust manifold; the result is that any fuel collecting in the inlet manifold is vaporised. The maximum power figure of 132 b.h.p. quoted above is obtained at the relatively low engine speed of 4,750 r.p.m., or only 350 r.p.m. more than the engine speed at which the standard horsepower is obtained. It was found during development work that the engine could be run safely at as high a speed as 6,200 r.p.m.

A specially interesting feature of this modified Ford Zephyr is that on overdrive top a speed of over 100 m.p.h. can be maintained without exceeding 4,000 r.p.m. It is recommended that the car should be fitted with the specially developed Silverstone-type Armstrong

in the throttle connections made it difficult to make a smooth start. This feeling was, in any case, one that was noticeable only in town driving, as on the open road the speed never fell so low. It is on the open road, however, that the car comes into its own. Exceptional acceleration can be obtained without any special skill and without any need to use the gear lever, the acceleration between approximately 40 m.p.h. and 75 m.p.h. being invaluable when one is passing streams of traffic. Some appreciation of the amazing increase in performance over the standard car can be obtained from the figure for accelerating from 0 to 60 m.p.h.: on the standard car this requires 18.4 secs, whereas the modified car needs only 10.0 secs. In fact, 80 m.p.h. can be reached in almost the same time as the standard car requires to reach 60 m.p.h. Repeated test runs from 0 to 90 m.p.h. gave an average time of 25.8 secs. Weather conditions prevented me from obtaining what I consider to be the car's true maximum, although I reached over 100 m.p.h. more than once.

The fuel consumption naturally varied with one's driving style. When driving it in the style that the average owner of a standard Zephyr would use, I obtained a figure of just over 23 m.p.g.; but if one took full advantage of the potential performance, one could easily increase the consumption to around 18 m.p.g. Because of the high compression ratio it is particularly necessary to see that the battery is maintained in perfect condition, so that starter failure can be prevented.

Such a great increase in performance as is

A CAUSERIE ON BRIDGE

UNFAIR WEAR AND TEAR

By M. HARRISON-GRAY

PEOPLE sometimes say "Don't you find the big tournaments a bit of a strain? A and B seem to have aged a lot in the last few years." Well, a recent magazine report credited me with "exceptional ability to take hard knocks without complaint"—a slight overstatement, perhaps, but I suppose one gets used to anything in the course of time.

Take the "point a board" method of scoring used in some multiple team events. Each board is a miniature match; if you win it, by however small a margin, your team gets a point. Suppose you play superbly to land a vulnerable Seven No-Trumps that is defeated at the other table for a turnover of 2,320. Your reward is one point. Exhausted by the effort, you hand it back on the next board by failing to make an overtrick in a contract of One Club. In other words, the slightest slip can be fatal, for such contests are often decided by a solitary point.

In a recent contest of this nature my team entered the last round with no hope of winning unless they could score the full points on our three remaining boards. Sitting East, I picked up the following:

♠ K J ♥ Q 7 6 5 2 ♦ A K Q ♣ 9 8 3

My partner was the dealer, our side only being vulnerable, and the auction began like this:

South	West	North	East
	1 Diamond	1 Spade	2 Hearts
4 Spades	Double	No bid	?

You will, of course, see the reason for the question mark. Our opponents would not bid like that if they were going more than three down; since we clearly had the material for a vulnerable game (worth 600 or more), we could not hope to win the board by accepting a penalty of 500. What sort of hand was West likely to hold? I visualised something like this:

♠ A 3 ♥ 9 3 ♦ J 10 9 6 2 ♣ A K Q 2

Five Diamonds is thus a good bet, but ten tricks in No-Trumps would yield a higher score. My bid of Four No-Trumps was obviously non-conventional (we play the Culbertson version), for I had not forced on the first round and my partner's double might be partly based on heart shortage. South passed, and West egged me on with a bid of Five No-Trumps. She was clearly telling me that she had a bit more than I could expect (say, the hand shown above plus the King of Hearts); however, for reasons stated hereunder, I declined the invitation and was content to stay in Five No-Trumps. My left-hand opponent saw no reason to disturb this contract.

The hour was very late; tension takes its toll with point-a-board scoring, and facing me was a replica of that famous picture, *La Dormeuse*. In short, I suspected that Five No-Trumps was designed to show merely two Aces in reply to a supposedly conventional bid of Four No-Trumps, but there might still be a play for eleven tricks that would win us the board.

Later, when I asked various luminaries to reconstruct West's likely holding, on one point they were unanimous—she was positively marked with the Ace-King of Clubs. This, in fact, was the full deal:

♠ 8 7 6 4 3 2		♠ K J
♥ 4		♥ Q 7 6 5 2
♦ 8 5 4 3		♦ A K Q
♣ 10 5		♣ 9 8 3

♠ A Q 5		♠ K J
♥ A K 9		♥ Q 7 6 5 2
♦ J 10 9 7 6 2		♦ A K Q
♣ 2		♣ 9 8 3

♠ 10 9		♠ K J
♥ J 10 8 3		♥ Q 7 6 5 2
♦ A K Q J 7 6 4		♦ A K Q
♣ 2		♣ 9 8 3

You will gather that Five No-Trumps was not made and that our team-mates were not amused until they heard the full story. Against them the final contract was Five Hearts, just made, and they fondly imagined we might get to a cast-iron Six Diamonds; in the end they agreed that our task was not made any easier by the opponents' antics. I am not suggesting

for an instant that our own bidding was immaculate; as I said, it was getting late.

How much can a bridge player stand before breaking-point is reached? I claim credit for not turning a hair throughout the ordeal described below, but it was a pretty near thing. I was East, and our vulnerable opponents bid curiously as follows: North (dealer), One Spade—South, Three No-Trumps. This is what I could see at trick 1:

♠ A 10 7 6	♠ Q J 9
♥ Q 6 2	♥ K
♦ K J 8 5 2	♦ Q 10 9 7 3
♣ A	♣ Q 8 5 2

N	E
W	S

I think you will find it easy to follow my reactions; the play of the hand took a full fifteen minutes and it seemed a good deal longer. I perked up when my bright young partner led, not a Heart, but the Six of Clubs. I dropped the Eight, and South went into the first of a series of huddles before playing Ace and a small Diamond, deriving little joy from West's discard of a Spade at trick 3. He won with dummy's King, and for a couple of minutes his hand hovered over the Queen of Hearts; eventually, to my rage, the Two was led, so my King went on thin air and was captured by the Ace.

The next hiatus was really astonishing. My partner studied this trick intently before playing the Eight of Hearts. "Yes," I thought, sardonically, "it's sweet of you to tell me you've got five Hearts headed by the Knave or Ten, as though I didn't know it already from the bidding!"

After a further interval South led a low Heart, and now my partner looked really miserable. Having played the Nine, taken with the Queen, she had to win the next Heart lead with the Knave. I was filled with deep compassion. She was surrounded by hitherto admiring spectators, and what she had just

done seemed too stupid for words—a senseless signal with the Eight of Hearts, from an original holding of J 9 8 x x, had cost a trick as big as a house.

Time stood still. My partner seemed anxious to atone, and I saw one slender ray of hope—the King of Clubs was clearly with South, but West might conceivably have the King of Spades. If only she could bring herself to lead it! No luck; her exit card was a small Club. Oddly enough, my Queen held the trick. Utterly dazed by this time, I returned the suit, and three more Club tricks defeated the contract. The lack of a Club guard was not the only strange feature of South's hand; like the South player in the preceding exhibit, he was trying for an unusual result by applying an unusual method. Here is the picture that was finally unfolded:

♠ A 10 7 6		♠ Q J 9
♥ Q 6 2		♥ K
♦ K J 8 5 2		♦ Q 10 9 7 3
♣ A		♣ Q 8 5 2

N	E
W	S

♠ 5 4 3 2		♠ Q J 9
♥ J 9 8		♥ K
♦ 6		♦ Q 10 9 7 3
♣ K 10 7 6 3		♣ Q 8 5 2

♠ K 8		♠ Q J 9
♥ A 10 7 5 4 3		♥ K
♦ A 4		♦ Q 10 9 7 3
♣ J 9 4		♣ Q 8 5 2

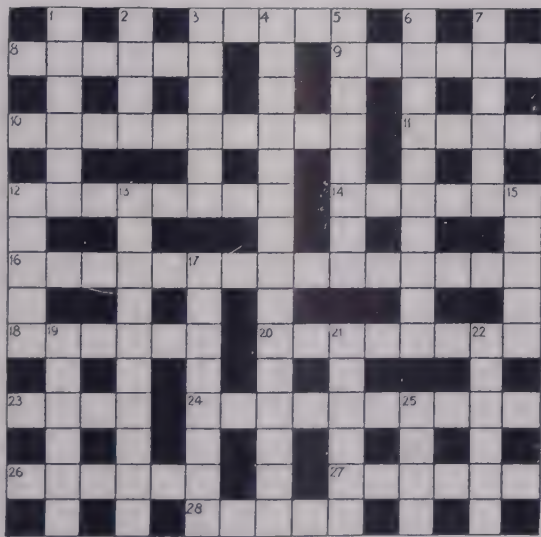
As you see, West's play to the Hearts was in no way eccentric; she naturally placed South with not more than four of them and wondered why I had played the King from something like K 10 x.

Plus 100 seemed satisfactory enough, but something still worried me. West and her supporters seemed to be enjoying a joke at my expense. "Who had the Queen of Diamonds?", asked my partner with a dreamy air. Yes, I could have cashed it at trick 7 and put the contract two down. As our team-mates bid and made Six Hearts on this board, my lapse was not fatal.

CROSSWORD No. 1465

COUNTRY LIFE books to the value of 3 guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 1465, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock-street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on the morning of Wednesday, March 12, 1958.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
(MR., MRS., ETC.)

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 1464. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of February 27, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Canvas-back; 6, Aces; 9, Saint Kitts; 10, Otto; 12, Wretch; 13, Copes; 16, Orator; 18, Parlour; 19, Goddess; 21, Paragon; 22, Roost; 23, Apiary; 27, Ails; 28, Smoke stack; 29, Kids; 30, Green rooms. DOWN.—1, Cash; 2, Naif; 3, Attar; 4, Britten; 5, Catch up; 7, Cut up rough; 8, Shoe-string; 11, Scorer; 14, Dogger Bank; 15, Hard-boiled; 17, Ideate; 20, Slammer; 21, Prickle; 24, Riser; 25, Halo; 26, Skis.

ACROSS
3. "Twas the hour when ——— unholy
"Called each Paynim voice to prayer"
Campbell (5)

8. Fruity carpenter (6)
9. Endowment that is U in an urban environment (6)
10. How Belinda felt after the rape of her lock? (10)
11. Pretty final for the artist (4)
12. Hit and run (8)
14. A guinea card in France now (6)
16. Head not so much regarded, it takes no consideration to show that (15)
18. If a gentleman is in question, perhaps "the First Gentleman of Europe" (6)
20. Deer cult (anagr.) (8)
23. The company has a condition to add for this headgear (4)
24. Exclamation on finding diamonds? They must be heaven-sent (10)
26. Grease Pussy's paws? (6)
27. In Greece it was not a theatre but a gymnasium (6)
28. Like the novice thrower aiming at the coconut? (5)

DOWN
1. Just the girl to lure 'im! (6)
2. "'Sap and sawdust,' said the ———"
Lewis Carroll (4)
3. A garden colour for a dress (6)
4. He was seen in "hat of antique shape and cloak of grey" (3, 7, 5)
5. Beach wear for men? (8)
6. Such machines, of course, have a more than sound reputation (10)
7. The condition of old stick-in-the-mud (6)
12. Hamlet opposed Hyperion to one (5)
13. The situation had become tense (10)
15. Relieved to find it yields a seed (5)
17. The chats woodmen may have when they get broken (8)
19. Tie Cox comes out in is hardly British (6)
21. Here 25 (6)
22. Is the Cockney demanding a ride in another world? (6)
25. How often has it happened in the darkest London cellars? (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 1463 is

Miss R. M. Fletcher,
The Red House,
Hinksey Hill,
Oxford.

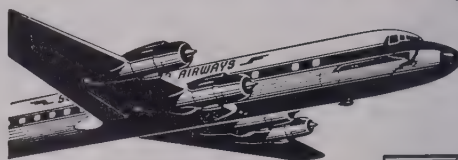
Don't be vague
Ask for
Haig

*Such a
warm-hearted
whisky —
and so smooth*



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THE ESTATE MARKET

FRUSTRATION FROM FORMALITIES

IN December, 1949, the then-president of the Chartered Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute complained about the number of laws affecting the land that had come into force since the end of the war, and suggested that it would be an admirable thing if no further legislation of this kind were introduced for a period of 20 years.

This hope is far from having been realised, and the other day Mr. George R. Nicholson, president of the Valuers Institution, not only commented on the spate of legislation that has been enacted in recent years, but also remarked that, owing to the difficulty of assimilating new forms and formalities, members of his organisation were sometimes hard put to it to give advice and act as instructed in problems of town and country planning, landlord and tenant, rating, rents, compulsory purchase and all matters relating to lands and buildings.

ADMINISTRATIVE FAILURES

HOWEVER, Mr. Nicholson was not concerned so much about the amount of legislation that had found its way to the Statute Book as with the failure to administer it properly, which, he said, had frequently resulted in iniquities, injustices and delays. And he attributed the bulk of the blame for faulty administration to "the predilection of successive Governments for passing laws without making the necessary financial provisions to implement them, and for their frequent failure, once a Bill has been passed, to take any further advice on the impossible situations which its lawyer-draftsmen, by their archaic language and absence of punctuation, have created." He also referred to an always complicated procedure that made for grossly overworked administrative staffs, having little or no real authority, who have to channel the whole of their affairs through the few adequately qualified seniors, themselves obsessed with a complex that, because controls have been clamped on, time no longer matters.

CO-ORDINATION NEEDED

ALTHOUGH Mr. Nicholson's chief criticisms were directed against Government departments and bureaucracy in general, he did not absolve his own and other professional organisations from blame, for he thought that they did not take a sufficiently leading part in making pressing representations for amending legislation.

"I suggest," he said, "that the professional bodies should consider and decide that they can jointly make contributions to recommend in high places a more simplified, orderly and progressive programme which will ensure that there is greater co-ordination of all legislation affecting the land."

BUILDING SOCIETIES AND RENT ACT

TURNING from legislation in general to one particular and highly controversial law, Mr. Nicholson said that it was unfortunate that the Rent Act, 1957, had come into force at a time when sterling was in danger and the Bank rate had been raised to seven per cent., for the reluctance of people to take a long view of the security of their savings had reduced the volume of national investment, and this, coupled with widespread opportunities for quick, even if speculative, capital gains, had led to the building societies' being unable to secure a sufficiently large proportion of funds to meet the unprecedented calls on them for mortgages. There

were, however, several ways by which the amount of money for buying houses could be increased, and one of these was relief to building societies of taxation of their profits, for they were generally regarded as non-profit-making concerns. This would increase their resources by approximately £30 million a year, and the retention of this sum within the building society movement would not only probably help in keeping interest rates at the minimum levels, but would also make for a free flow of sales, thereby assisting in the change-over of large and small families into more suitable accommodation, as well as increasing the number of houses to be let, which was one of the principal objects of the Act.

WHERE GIBBON WROTE

AN interesting property that has recently come on to the market is Buriton Manor, near Petersfield, Hampshire, which is offered for sale following the death of Col. A. L. Bonham-Carter, whose family had lived there for many years. Earlier, Buriton was the home of Edward Gibbon, the famous historian, and of his father and grandfather before him. The house dates from Georgian times and was the subject of an article in COUNTRY LIFE of November 12, 1948. With the house goes an estate of just over 400 acres, including farm buildings, 16 cottages and a hop garden, the produce from which has won numerous awards at shows and exhibitions. Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff, of Chichester, and Messrs. Hall Pain and Foster are the agents.

An agricultural property of much the same size as Buriton, offered by Messrs. Strutt and Parker, Lofts and Warner, is the outlying portions of Col. J. Baskervyle-Glegg's Withington estate, Chelford, Cheshire. Here, the land included covers roughly 420 acres and includes four dairy and mixed farms, three smallholdings and a number of cottages let to produce a total of £1,656 a year and about 20 acres of woodland in hand. As is the case with Buriton, the property has been in the vendor's family for a long time, and a point of interest about the sale is that the farms surround the Jodrell Bank radio telescope, the land that houses it having previously formed part of the estate.

BUSY AGENTS

A FIRM of estate agents who are having a busy time selling or arranging to sell farms are Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. For example, acting with Messrs. Ross and Co., of Reading, they have sold Lemington Manor, a property of 340 acres with a traditional, stone, Cotswold house situated at Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire, and with Messrs. Gladding, Son and Wing, they have disposed of Tring Grange, an attested mixed farm of 167 acres at Tring, Hertfordshire.

Included among the farms that Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley hope to sell during the course of the next few weeks are Ranbury, an attested holding of 302 acres with an attractive house and five cottages, at Poulton in the South Cotswolds, which is due to be auctioned on the 25th of this month; the Dower House, a stone-built house of Georgian character with about 210 acres, including six cottages and a range of T.T. buildings at Blackboys, near Lewes, Sussex; and Spexhall Hall, a moated house standing in approximately 190 acres of grass and arable near Halesworth, Suffolk. Messrs. Rowland Goringe and Co. are co-agents for the Dower House, and Messrs. R. H. Sprake for Spexhall Hall.

PROCURATOR.



THE LAW MIGHT CHANGE, BUT NOT MY TOBACCO

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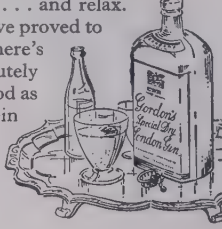
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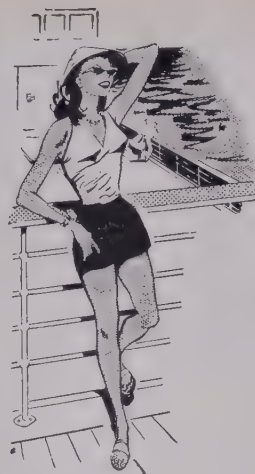
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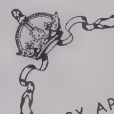
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FARMING NOTES

SOWING OUTLOOK

ARABLE farmers are all set to go ahead with final cultivations and sowing on the fields that have been lying in furrow for some months. By the first week in March we ought, in an ideal state of affairs, to have done a good deal of planting, but except on the lightest soils which dry most readily February did not give opportunities for keeping abreast of the calendar. Some sowing was done in the third week of February on the chalk uplands, where it is always well to get barley established early. The trouble is that there is often a spring drought, but this time the February-sown barley quickly had a soaking, and it should go ahead without check. The wet week-end of February 22-23 put back too much moisture into the clay soils to allow anything to be done with them until drying winds have done their work. The plough furrows had a touch of frost and, if they have not been moved since, the ground should quickly come to a fair tilth for sowing, if March lives up to its reputation. Tractors, implements, fertilisers and seed are standing ready.

Barley Marketing

THE National Association of Corn and Agricultural Merchants give some new figures to support the suggestion that barley should be treated for subsidy in the same way as wheat. It has always been assumed that, while most of the wheat crop was sold off farms, much of the barley crop was retained on the farm for feeding to livestock. This was the reason given for paying the barley subsidy on an acreage basis rather than on the tonnage sold. The Association estimates that, out of an average annual production of barley of 2,800,000 tons, about 2,250,000 tons are already sold off farms. Of this more than 1,100,000 tons are used for animal feeding, either in compound feeding-stuffs or as barley meal, 950,000 tons are used for human food (beer brewing and whisky distilling) and 200,000 tons are used for seed or sold for export. This leaves about 500,000 tons retained on farms. Possibly 300,000 tons of barley at present retained on farms would have to be sold under the N.A.C.A.M. proposal so as to qualify for deficiency payment on a tonnage basis, as wheat does. The main purpose of this proposal is to institute a graduated scale for the price guarantee, to make it worth while to market barley off the farms more regularly through the year, instead of having such a large part as now of the barley crop unloaded during harvest or immediately afterwards. This would certainly suit the merchants and the makers of compound feeding-stuffs. Probably most farmers would welcome such a change.

Cash Advances for Livestock

CASH advances to farmers raising beef cattle are to be made from March 15 onwards by a new company called Fatstock Finance. This is an offshoot of the Fatstock Marketing Corporation, which is anxious to ensure regular supplies for the business it does with butchers. Those who take advances will be bound to sell their finished animals to the Corporation. There is nothing new in this idea beyond its adoption by a national concern run by the farmers themselves. I well remember that in the days before the war sheep dealers and others were ready to supply breeding stock to farmers and leave the payment until such time as the farmers had the progeny ready for sale through the same channel. Moreover, it has been the practice of auctioneers to finance the purchase of store cattle for those who lack ready cash when the summer grass begins to grow. Another feature of this F.M.C. scheme is the offer of

regular monthly advances to farmers fattening cattle for the Corporation. The idea here is to match the monthly milk cheque on which so many farmers have come to rely as a regular source of income for meeting the wages bill.

Tastes that Poultry Like

ACCORDING to Mr. Heaton T. Brook, who spoke at the Poultry Conference arranged by Messrs. R. Silcock and Son, poultry have a highly developed sense of taste. Workers at Cornell University have shown that chicks prefer certain flavours to others. They like a butter flavour and reject a strawberry flavour. Some flavours are rejected when added as two drops to a bucket of water, a dilution that would smother any flavour for most human beings. Mr. Brook suggested that we may come to the point when it will be possible to add some ingredient to the ration for chickens which, by acting on part of the brain, will increase the broiler's appetite for food and thereby increase the live-weight gain.

Twin Calves Wanted

UP to £30 a pair will be paid for identical twin calves suitable for the purposes of the National Institute of Research in Dairying. The Institute wants these calves to have closely comparable material for feeding trials and the like, one of the pair being treated in one way and the other in another. Only heifers of the dairy breeds are required and bull calves of beef breeds or crosses. Identical twins must be of the same sex, but the markings need not necessarily be exactly alike: sometimes their markings are mirror images of each other. Should twins like this turn up that a farmer does not want, he can make his offer to the county livestock officer.

Rabbit Clearance Societies

WITH no respect for farm boundaries rabbits are on the increase again in some districts, and it will be all to the good if farmers and foresters can be persuaded to work together in groups to keep their numbers down more effectively. To encourage such action the Government now offer a pound-for-pound grant towards the cost of rabbit clearance by any group of occupiers, covering a compact area of reasonable size, who form a rabbit clearance society. The society will be required to carry out a proper plan for collective action and employ competent staff to kill the rabbits. The Government will pay grants on the production of audited accounts. It is to be hoped that in some of the districts where there are large farms, on which such organisation can most readily be started, there will be a good response to this proposal. An explanatory leaflet is to be published telling farmers how to set about the business, and the Agricultural Central Co-operative Association will help in the formation and running of a society.

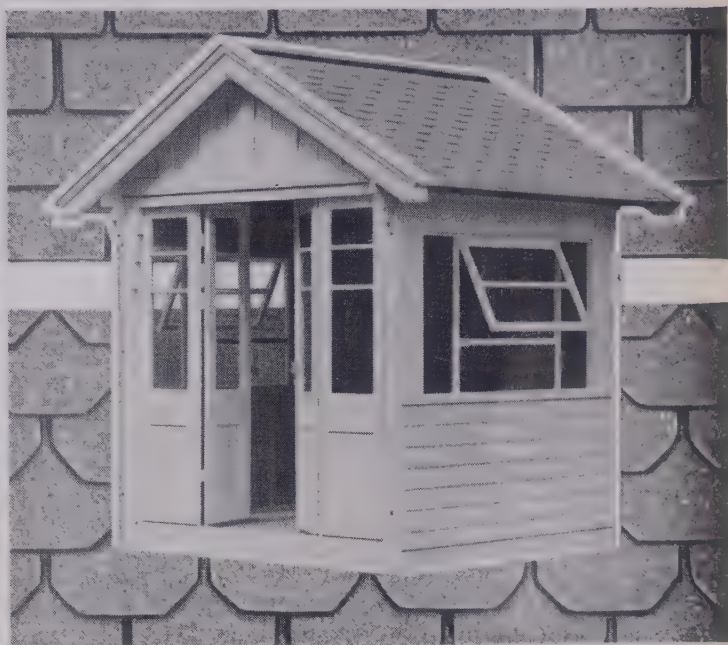
Dry Battery for Fences

BATTERY charging is a drawback to electric fencing. Mains sets are available, but often it is inconvenient to link up with the public supply, so battery operation is most common. A slight fault will soon run down a full battery, while normal use in our damp and misty climate calls for frequent charging. Now from abroad, where it has been in use for several years, comes a patented design operating off an air/oxygen high capacity dry battery. The current consumption is so low that the makers claim nine months' continuous use before replacing the battery for 30s. A prolonged short can be rectified by resting the battery. For storage the breather holes are sealed.

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NEW BOOKS

CONQUEST OF THE WILDERNESS

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

I SUPPOSE it is impossible to tell the story of a man like Ralph Edwards without moralising and drawing comparisons between his lot and the lot of most men. An American journalist, Mr. Leland Stowe, who records Mr. Edwards's career in *Crusoe of Lonesome Lake* (Gollancz, 16s.), keeps the moralising down as much as possible, but it is there and can't help being there.

Mr. Edwards is still alive, in his late sixties. His parents, Americans, were missionaries and he spent his earliest years in India. He did a bit of schooling and farming in America and then worked on a railway construction job in British Columbia. He

that the work must come to him along a conveyor belt, that one man must put on the nut and another screw it down, he was putting the finishing touch to a process that had long threatened to undermine the human spirit. Fifty years or so after that night of settling in, Ralph Edwards said to the author of this book: "Even though he may not be trained for it beforehand, a man can do a lot of things. . . . What I had was an awful lot of sheer necessity. The results convince me that one of the biggest wastes in the world is the unexploited potentials of average human beings."

What had Edwards done in his half-century? Single-handed, he had

CRUSOE OF LONESOME LAKE. By Leland Stowe
(Gollancz, 16s.)

LIFE OF MANY COLOURS. By E. M. Almedingen
(Hutchinson, 21s.)

THE LAST YEAR. By Erika Mann
(Secker and Warburg, 10s. 6d.)

had the somewhat unusual ambition to live alone among mountains in a forest. The British Columbian Land Office gave him the chance to do so. He was granted 160 acres of land; and in 1913, when he was 21 years old, the five-foot-five youngster set out to take over his estate. The land is in the Atnarko Valley. It was, then, a virgin forest, and so it is to-day save for the part cleared by Mr. Edwards. It is surrounded by mountains. A young trapper went with him to settle him in. A horse could go so far; but then they had to take their loads on their backs and "break their way over gullies and through undergrowth, across rock slides, up and down steep slopes, along cliff sides and across the face of a 150-foot bluff." This is still the way into Edwards's farm. During that first journey, "after making a small cache cabin for their first loads at the foot of the big lake, they returned over the so-called trail for another instalment—until they had brought in some 600 pounds."

SURROUNDED BY WILD LIFE

This was mid-winter. There were still seven miles to go, over the ice of a lake. They made a sledge and hauled the goods. They were in a bowl containing the lake and a river and virgin forest. Nothing else save innumerable living creatures: bears, cougars, wolves, trumpeter swans, deer, salmon, beaver, mink. Most of the forest was fir and cedar from 120 to 150 feet high. There were six inches of snow on the ground and the night temperature was 10 below zero. This was what Ralph Edwards had asked of fortune, and now he had it. His companion helped him to build a small cabin and then went away. The next day Edwards took up his axe and laid into his first tree.

And now, what of the moral? I suppose it could briefly be stated thus: that when Henry Ford decided that a man must not go to work, but

cleared the forest, made pasture and orchards, fenced fields, built canoes, invented and built a water-mill which cut his timber, set up a small generating station which gave him electricity, built bridges, run a trap line, imported cattle and horses. He used the sock-eye salmon that came up his river, spawned and died, for manure. He had seen his home destroyed by fire. He had been savaged by one of his bulls and acted as his own doctor. If he wanted to know a thing, he would spend months, and if necessary years, on its study, sending "outside" for the books. He had married a woman as tough as himself and brought up three children. The boys have now gone out into the world; the girl has carved her farm, alongside his, out of the wilderness. He and she have both taken air-pilots' certificates, own their seaplane, and take off from their lake with produce for isolated places.

BUILDING A SEAPLANE

On the principle of doing everything for himself, Ralph Edwards resolved to build his own seaplane. He spent 10 years working up from arithmetic to differential calculus and so to an aeronautical designing board. He would, of course, have to buy an engine, but he was ready to build the machine. But Government regulations would not permit it, even though aeronauts who examined his designs agreed that they were sound.

Mr. Leland Stowe calls Edwards one of the "most memorable" men he has ever met. "a man who has never yet failed to attain a major objective." He goes on: "For many of us, living in or close to cities, the Edwards philosophy may seem curiously old-fashioned. To me, it seems deeper, more vital and more spiritual; something which has become increasingly rare: the recapture of a great American inheritance, now somehow lost or vanishing."

Edwards's own phrase, "if we



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REVIEWS by HOWARD SPRING—continued

stayed with it" strikes me as admirable. "We learned," he said to Mr. Stowe, "if we stayed with it—if we held to it and followed the problem through—that nearly always we arrived eventually at a more or less satisfactory solution." Which goes to prove, he says, perhaps too optimistically, that "any normal person can use his intelligence to do something which looks impossible at first."

KENTISH VILLAGE TO RUSSIAN ESTATE

Miss E. M. Almedingen, who managed to make her way out of Russia after the revolution, and who first attracted attention here with her novels of Russian life, gives us in *Life of Many Colours* (Hutchinson, 21s.) the story of her English grandmother and Russian grandfather. The book is most readable throughout and would have been more so if the first 75 pages—the part which deals with grandmother Ellen Southey's life before her arrival in Russia—had been severely condensed. It could have been adequately covered in 20 pages. Ellen Southey was born near Canterbury in 1819. The family tree had many branches, and we are expected to be interested in every last twig. We do not succeed in being so; and it is not till Ellen's father gets on the move that the book warms up. He was a feckless person, in name a farmer, but, in fact, a gambler who imperilled the family safety and at last had to leave the farm to one of his sons and seek refuge abroad. He took his daughters, Caroline and Ellen, and his son, John, with him.

It was a wandering life, with fortune varying according to gambler's luck. "From Dresden to Munich, from Munich to Zurich, and on to Milan and Genoa, and then back to Paris and on to Hamburg."

They found themselves in St. Petersburg at last, and the father became stud manager to Prince Kourakin. The girls were invited to a Christmas Eve party, and there Ellen met Serge de Poltoratzky, a modest and shy young man whom she could hardly guess to be the very wealthy owner of several vast estates. This was the man she married; and her sister, Caroline, too, found a Russian husband: a wealthy manufacturer of porcelain.

MARRIED TO A BIBLIOPHILE

But this is Ellen's story: Ellen, whose daughter Sarah married Alexander von Almedingen and became the mother of the author of this book. It is the story of how this untried English girl, speaking hardly a word of Russian, became mistress of an enormous establishment in the heart of the country not far from Moscow, and wife of a gentle other-worldly scholar and bibliophile whose library was one of the most remarkable in Russia. It is a story that includes peasant revolts on the estates, slack management, and defalcations on the part of agents so enormous that one of the largest fortunes in Russia all but disappeared.

Thereafter Ellen and her husband lived mostly in Paris. They were there throughout the Prussian invasion of 1870, their circumstances continuing to decline, so that Ellen had to sell jewels to keep the home together. M. Poltoratzky died in 1884. His Parisian man of affairs explained the financial circumstances to Ellen. In 1830 twenty million francs had been deposited. On her husband's death

there was a debit balance of 17,000 francs.

The old lady lived for almost another quarter of a century, mainly in Rome. Few women can have known so strange an Odyssey as hers: from a small Kentish village, through the extravagant splendours of a great Russian estate, to the endurances of Paris and Rome. And few can have known so strange a husband as this bibliophile who, uncreative himself, was yet so much in love with letters that a vast part of his fortune went in nursing the talents of promising men. The Russian Government recognised her husband's services, and the gift of his great library to the State, by giving her in her last years a pension of 1,500 roubles a year. It doesn't seem much.

THE SUNSET OF A GREAT AUTHOR

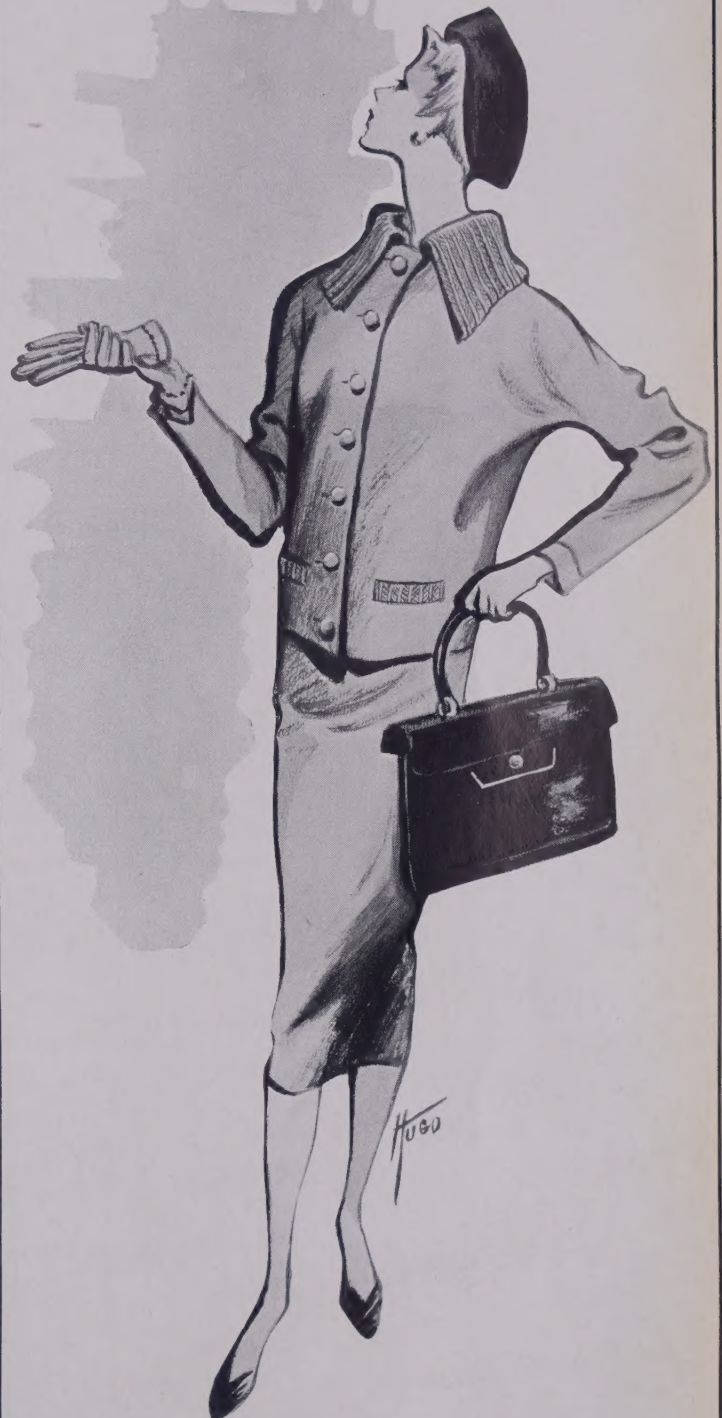
As Miss Almedingen has remembered her grandparents, so Miss Erika Mann has remembered, in *The Last Year* (Secker and Warburg, 10s. 6d.), her father, Thomas Mann. This year begins in August, 1954, when Mann was 80. Miss Mann says his three most prominent characteristics then were modesty, kindness and humour. The extraordinarily close ties between her and her father are clear throughout the book as she goes everywhere with him: chauffeur, secretary and companion. They seem to be ever on the move. His activity was stupendous for a man of his age: lectures, receptions, the receiving of awards and decorations wherever he moved. He was at the peak of a fame that had grown throughout the years. Many writers move before death into the decline of fame that almost invariably follows their passing; but this was not so with Thomas Mann. It is pleasant to see him, famous as he is, working away among holiday-makers as unconcerned as if he were addressing picture postcards. It was in Holland. "He worked sitting in a chair on the seashore. Around him chattering noisy children built their sand castles. Mothers came up to look after their brood. Fathers strode into the surf, giving a lead to their screaming little sons. He went on writing unperturbed."

It is a beautiful sunset picture. One day, having returned from the beach, he said to his wife that it had been hard work walking back over the sandhills. "This stupid rheumatism," he complained. He never went down to the beach again. Instead, he was flown back to hospital in Zurich, for the "stupid rheumatism" was something else, and soon he was dead.

CRUISING ON CANALS

THOSE who intend to take a canal holiday will welcome the *British Waterways Inland Cruising Booklets* (available from British Transport, Waterways Division, 163, Euston-road, N.W.1, 2s. each post free). Booklets 3, 4 and 5 are respectively *Cruising on the Lee and Stort Navigations*, *Cruising on the Staffordshire and Worcestershire Canal* and *Cruising on the Shropshire Union Canal*. The booklets contain clear schematic diagrams of the canals, giving bridges, locks, half-mile distances and descriptions of places of interest, such as Chester and Market Drayton on the Shropshire Union, and the varied places and scenery of the Lee and Stort Navigations from Limehouse to Bishop's Stortford. Each booklet has photographs, instructions on the working of the various locks, a code of waterway conduct, sailing and mooring regulations and a general map of the English canal system.

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SPRING FASHIONS



Box pleats set into a shoulder yoke are repeated as a panel inlet in a slit at the bottom of the pencil skirt. The material is a smooth tweed in mixed greys (Marshall and Snelgrove)



Wool jersey suit: boxy jacket in olive green, beige, brown and white and plain skirt in beige. A shopping bag matches the jacket and is handied with brown leather (Hupperts)



This tailored dress with drawstring at the waist is in alabaster Courtelle jersey and can be washed and dried overnight. It looks and feels much like wool (Dorville)

THE chairman of the Incorporated Fashion Designers of London, Victor Stiebel, presented his new collection in his new premises, setting the seal on the new fashions. His interpretation of the current silhouette is a happy one; his clothes, pretty and feminine, look very different from the last series, but appear to be a logical development. Skirts, seventeen or eighteen inches off the ground, are perfectly balanced by the short jackets and cocoon-shaped coats. Many suit jackets tie with bootlace bows and the white neckbands and bows on the blouses show above the necklines that are cut out to a square. Colours are fresh and springlike, lilac, shrimp pink, turquoise, maize and navy piped with white.

For Ascot Mr. Stiebel shows suits in surah and shantung, printed in marbled designs or needlerun lace banded with mink. Printed chiffon dresses with wide filmy gathered skirts are swathed and draped about the front of the bodices; details that are repeated in a much modified form on the plainer more tailored day clothes. Short evening dresses that mould the waist and hips with gores widening to the hemline are given flattering camisole tops or shoulder straps, never the hard line of the strapless top. Yellow paper taffeta, peacock blue faille, white and

rose-patterned chiffon, lilac faille and blue slipper satin are the chosen colours and fabrics.

A short white satin is lovely with a V inset of folded satin in the front of the wide skirt and a similar treatment of the bodice. Over it goes a coat of grey blue taffeta that just covers it and is as full as possible, tying at the throat on a drawstring and with deep white fox cuffs. Long formal dresses with bodices draped into fan folds and long scarves of a contrasting colour are in white paper taffeta warp printed with long stemmed blue roses and green leaves, in rose satin or lilac taffetas. A picture dress in silver grey peau de soie is draped up at the back to the waist, where it is held by three satin bows lined with lime green. The skirt fans out on to the ground in rich folds; long fitted sleeves and an oval neckline give it a timeless quality.

The relaxed lines fashionable for both jackets and dresses lend themselves well to mass production. A series of two-piece outfits in wool and silk at Debenham and Freebody's are both simple and elegant. In navy wool, smooth and flexible, the dresses barely indicate the waist and have horizontal seaming below; the shortish jackets are collarless and lined with silk and cut the figure at the most flattering position. Longer jackets



Mohair and nylon coat in vivid tones of blue woven on emerald green with deep folds running from the front, over the tops of the sleeves and down the back (Worth)

mould by darts and may be given a cravat of silk and wool instead of a collar, the silk appearing also on the narrow turnback cuffs. Short cut-away jackets in beige tweed are teamed with tubular skirts and longer ones, even so barely covering the hips, are gently fitted with unstiffened dressmaker cut-away cuffs and rolling collars. There are many combinations of beige with soft green or brown among the coats.

Mauve, beige, sand and grey take the honours for spring suits at Marshall and Snelgrove's; several versions of the short loose jacket appear in mauve tweed, all with tubular skirts. One has the soft collar pleated into wide revers and a second is faintly full at the back with a few gathers set into a shallow shoulder yoke; the flat front buttons up to a turndown collar and narrow bands of the material, emerging on each side from the seams under the arm, tie across above the waist. A third fastens high to a wide pointed collar. Draped collars falling away from the throat are outlined with bands of pastel mink blending with the beige wool that makes the suit. A Hardy Amies check wool suit in sapphire and black is chic with a square jacket, a narrow skirt and buttoned tabs holding down the collar either side. Another in clerical grey is double-breasted with a wide white piqué collar and revers over the grey ones.

FOR young people fifteen-guinea three-piece outfits of flecked tweed comprise straight hip-length jacket, a tubular skirt and a shantung blouse in a second colour that ties at the throat and matches the lining of the jacket. Jumper suits in the same price-bracket in double-knit checked wool jersey, either beige or gold with white, button on a placket down the front which is repeated down the centre of the pencil skirt. Printed wool jersey dresses with crossover bodices as well as pleated tailored dresses are made in the larger measurements. Suède jackets, nut brown, or mushroom, cost thirteen and a half guineas and have patch pockets on either side.

Wool jersey jumper suits are shown in gay colours, among them



Rose cap shading from ivory to mushroom brown (Rudolf)



This white piqué sleeveless bolero is for wear under a short loose checked jacket (Michael). The high cap is of pleated white organza (Peter Shepherd)



Speckled tweed in cinnamon, dark brown and cream makes a suit with short straight-cut jacket decorated with curving buttoned flaps on the hem in front and back. Armholes are deep, and the roll collar dips to a low V shape (Debenham and Freebody)

Photographs by COUNTRY LIFE Studio

apricot, lemon and coral, at Woolland's. The coral features the longish jumper pouching slightly at the back over a high band, with grosgrain silk of the same shading banding collar and revers. Apricot is banded with white on the sleeveless jumper and is very short. It would be charming to take to the Riviera. Jersey dresses in silk with short full skirts and elaborately draped bodices and short ruched sleeves come in peacock blue, caramel or black. Pleated skirts, mid-calf length, put with long sweater bodices indicating the waist but never emphasising it and crossover draper

over the hips, look well for informal evenings. They are far more becoming to anyone who has not a slender figure and good legs than is the brief sack or balloon skirt, for, while they keep a straightish outline, the pliant movement of the pleats and the crossover effects of the folds are a great help.

Jumper suits in Orlon that can be washed with ease and quickly dry are one novelty in Harvey Nichols's. The jumpers are plain, straight and hip-length and teamed with straight skirts, and colours are warm and glowing. The fabric has the texture of a thick wool and a warm handle. Brushed Acrilan, latest version of the latest man-made fibres, appears for spring as fluffy cardigans that closely resemble Angora without the shedding that goes with it. Holyrood make the cardigan from it in pale colours (grey blue being particularly successful) with long sleeves and necklines bound with narrow ribbing.

The trapeze line of Dior looks well in the new Dorville range which is carried out in a heavy coral linen-like weave. The back flows untrammelled in widening gores from neck to hemline; the front is caught in under the bust and the neckline is squared. Pouched jackets are worn over the tubular dresses made from linen or fine wool in periwinkle blue or pale pink.

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